

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,542



JUNE 17, 1899

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

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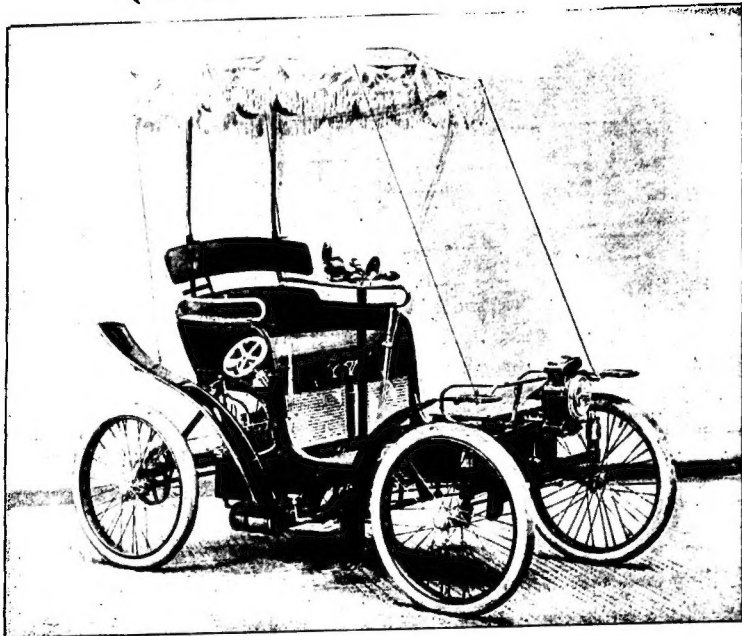
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THE GRAPHIC, JUNE 17, 1899

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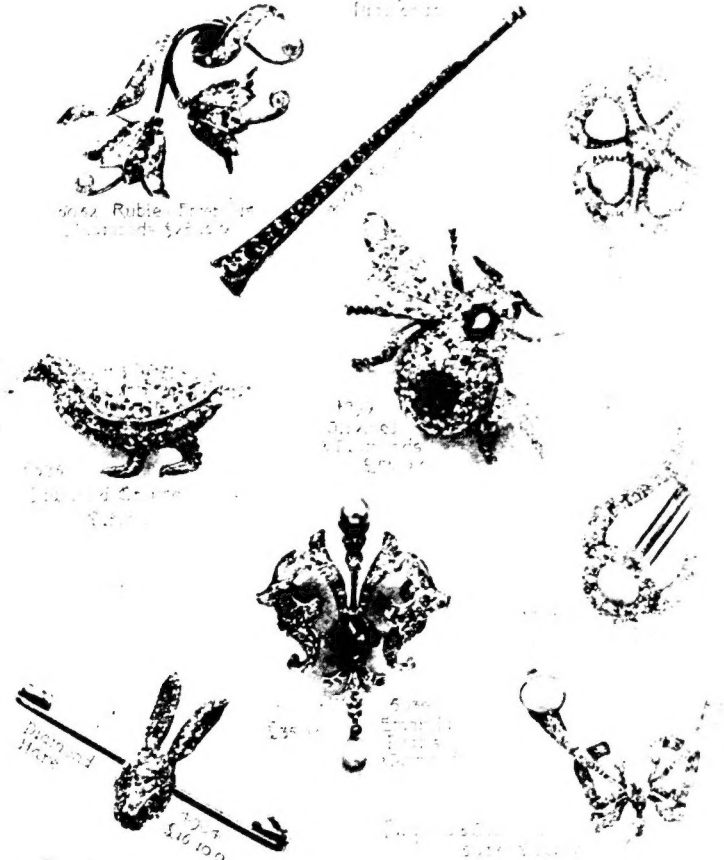
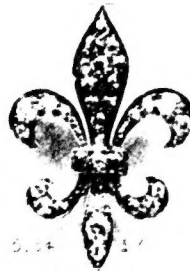
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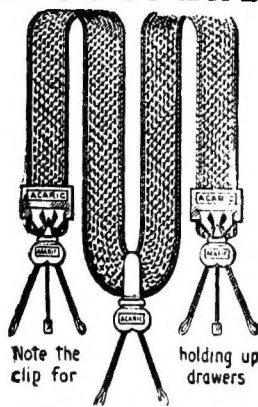
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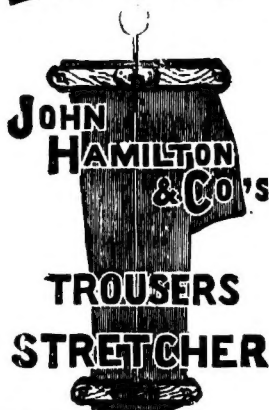
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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 22—Vol. LIX.] EDITION
As a Newspaper] DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1899

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DRAWN AT A SPECIAL SITTING BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD

Topics of the Week

The Cloud in South Africa

It would be false optimism to underrate the seriousness of the South African crisis. Owing to the patience and restraint of the Suzerain Power and the conciliatory disposition manifested by President Kruger on minor issues, the

tension felt earlier in the week has somewhat abated, but it is impossible to say that the gravity of the crisis has been relieved in any essential particular. The Blue Book discloses an exceedingly serious state of affairs. Were the question only a local one, this country could afford to make further demands on its patience and magnanimity, for the case of the Boers—apart from the impertinence with which it is too frequently stated—is not without a measure of sentimental justification calculated to commend it to the tolerance if not the sympathy of outsiders. In their mediæval way, they are contending for independence, and it is unquestionable that their aspirations are doomed. Under these circumstances we might desire that their disillusionment should come gently and slowly, were it not that the local question pales altogether before very much larger issues. The Transvaal has in no ambiguous way constituted itself a sort of champion of Dutch intransigence in South Africa. It represents the irreconcilable spirit of the sturdy Netherlands we conquered early in the century, and it has tended to keep alive race divisions in the colony, if not actually to stimulate seditious hopes. In these circumstances it is of the first importance that the paramount power of this country should be vindicated. We cannot traffic with the dangerous spirit that is abroad, for the reason that South Africa, far more than our other great colonies, is an Imperial interest. In time of war the Cape will be indispensable to us for keeping open our access to India, and hence we can no more afford to see it in the hands of, or dominated by, a disaffected population, than to relinquish it to a foreign Power. What, then, is the duty of this country? By the London Convention and the glosses put upon it by scores of volumes of despatches, the Transvaal is an autonomous rather than an independent State. It has always rebelled against this conception of its position, and it has intrigued in every possible way to extricate itself from it. We have been in hopes of seeing this resistance modified by the political fusion of British and Dutch within the Republic, but these hopes have been disappointed by the refusal of the Boers to give to the British immigrants the rights and privileges ungrudgingly extended to the Dutch themselves in the British colonies. Moreover, the Boers have persistently attempted to worry us into the abandonment of our suzerainty by evasions and violations of the London Convention, and even by contesting the legal existence of the suzerainty. The result is that to-day a dozen controversies divide London and Pretoria, and these controversies stimulate and feed the race discords throughout South Africa. A final attempt was made at the recent Bloemfontein Conference to solve the whole difficulty by prevailing upon President Kruger to grant a moderate franchise to the Uitlanders. The scheme asked for by Sir Alfred Milner was conspicuously unambitious. It stipulated only for a minority representation in the Volksraad, and it hedged this about by conditions which amply safeguarded the predominance of the Boer Burghers. It was felt, however, that even this scheme would enable the Uitlanders to look after their own interests, and thus the British Government would be relieved of the necessity of perpetually intervening in Transvaal affairs. President Kruger has, however, rejected this scheme. This rejection, it is true, has taken the form of alternative proposals, but these, even as subsequently amended, do not bring any effective franchise within the reach of the foreign settlers. Nothing then remains but to define the relations of the Transvaal and the Suzerain in the strictest manner, and to determine once and for all that this definition shall be observed. All pending controversies must be settled to the satisfaction of this country, and if there is any hesitation on the part of the Boers compulsion must be resorted to. The fact that the British are masters in South Africa and intend to remain so must be established beyond doubt. If the Boers are wise, if they have any care for their own interests and the peace and prosperity of South Africa they will bow to the inevitable. If, however, they choose the more stiff-necked course, the cloud which now hangs over their country must burst, and they will not only lose their racial predominance within their own frontiers, but the frontiers themselves will, in their present sense, be effaced for ever.

Although it is by no means a new thing to propose the connection of Great Britain and Ireland by a submarine tunnel, the project has never been worked out carefully in its leading details until now. Judging from the statements made at the conference presided over by Lord Londonderry, the only important obstacle still to be surmounted is the monetary. All other difficulties can be overcome, it is believed, while even those who most stoutly oppose the scheme admit that its realisation would confer great benefits, political as well as commercial and industrial, on the United Kingdom. Transport charges would probably be reduced by fully a third if the goods could be conveyed without any "handling" from the time they were put into the trains until they arrived at their destinations. Nor can it be questioned that this commercial unification would

gradually produce political unity. So far as these considerations go, therefore, there is little conflict of opinion. But it is very much open to doubt whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer will see his way to promise a State guarantee of 3 per cent. interest on the 12,000,000*l.* estimated as the cost of the tunnel. Irish patriots will say that England owes that and much more to the Distressful Isle, but Sir M. Hicks-Beach has a dour way of considering himself pledged to protect the British taxpayer from that terrible pickpocket, sentiment.

The overthrow of the Dupuy Cabinet does not seem likely to produce any sensible change in the political situation, either at home or abroad. Its instability had latterly become patent to the whole world, while there were some reasons for suspecting that M. Dupuy himself would not be sorry to shake off official harness. It is only just to him and his colleagues to admit that, unlike previous Ministries, they had the courage to "face the music" in connection with the *affaire Dreyfus*. Had they curried favour with the General Staff and the Dreyfusards by sacrificing justice to self-interest, the resolution which threw them out of office might have missed fire. The question of interest now is whether the incoming Government will defy or truckle to military pressure. Happily, that lies to a large extent with M. Loubet, who so far has displayed an unalterable resolve to have justice done to the unfortunate officer who is now coming back from an insular Inferno to stand re-trial by court-martial. As regards France's foreign relations, it makes very little difference whether one diplomatist or another presides at the Quai D'Orsay. There is always continuity of policy at that office, and a right good thing it is for the Republic that this should be the case. M. Delcassé has been, perhaps, a trifle less aggressive and "pin-pricking" than M. Hanotaux was, but the Fashoda incident was needed, all the same, to convince him that some endeavour should be made to create more friendly relations between England and France. It is to his credit that, having once come to that statesmanlike perception, he lost no time in giving it practical effect.

The Court

THE QUEEN's stay in the Highlands is very short this time, as Her Majesty intends to be back at Windsor by the end of next week. However, this visit to Balmoral has been specially pleasant, for the Royal party rarely experience such lovely summer weather in the North so early in the year. On many afternoons it has been warm enough for the Queen to take tea out of doors, which Her Majesty so much enjoys. This week the Queen is showing the beauties of the neighbourhood to Princess Clémentine of Belgium, who is over on a short visit. She is a great favourite with Her Majesty, and fills the gap caused by the departure of the Grand Duchess of Hesse, who has hurried back to Darmstadt, as her husband, the Grand Duke, has a mild attack of smallpox. In Princess Clémentine's honour there was a small concert at Balmoral on the night of her arrival, when the Belgian tenor, M. Van Dyck, sang before the Royal party. On her return to Windsor next Saturday the Queen will begin entertaining a fresh series of visitors, whilst on the following Monday Her Majesty goes to Aldershot for the Review. Accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught the Queen will take up her station on Laffan's Plain for the march past, and will afterwards have tea in the Royal Pavilion before returning to Windsor.

Ascot week usually brings a lull in the London season so far as Royalty is concerned. This year the meeting seemed rather tame, from a spectacular point of view, without a Royal State procession, or a big house party presided over by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince was there, as usual, but the Princess remained in town with her daughters, and the Prince had only a few friends staying with him at Ascot Heath House. However, both Prince and Princess Christian and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught brought over house parties, including the Duke and Duchess of York. Before going to Ascot, the Prince of Wales spent Saturday to Monday with Lord Salisbury, at Hatfield, for the garden-party on Saturday in honour of the Queen's Birthday. The Duke and Duchess of York also came down, and the Princess of Wales was to have followed on Sunday, but put off her visit in consequence of Lady Salisbury's illness. The Prince and Princess are expecting Prince Charles of Denmark shortly at the end of his cruise in the gunboat *Falster*, and possibly Prince and Princess Charles may remain in England until the Princess of Wales is ready to return with them to Copenhagen at the end of July. Edinburgh is making great plans for the reception of the Prince of Wales when he comes next month to see the Agricultural Show and receive the freedom of the city. He will be staying with the Duke of Buccleuch at Dalkeith Palace, and all the streets through which the Prince will pass are to be elaborately decorated. Eastbourne also expects the Prince for the meeting of the Agricultural Show, when he will stay with the Duke of Devonshire at Compton Place and fulfil various public duties.

The Duke and Duchess of York will spend a good deal of time in the provinces during the next few weeks. They are going to Oxford for Commemoration, when they stay three days with the Dean of Christ Church and Mrs. Paget. In the first week of July they are due at Exeter to open a new wing of the Art Museum. Lord Clifford of Chudleigh will be their host at Ugbrooke Park. The Duchess has promised to attend the coming show of the Ladies' Kennel Club at the Botanical Gardens.

Kings do not very often go begging for wives. But King Alexander of Serbia, after many attempts, cannot induce any Princess to share his throne, so he is thinking of taking a spouse of lesser degree. The lady selected is said to be his cousin, the daughter of Col. Constantinovitch. Certainly the King deserves a little domestic peace, for his whole life since a child has been

embittered by the quarrels of his parents, added to his political troubles. Nor can it be pleasant for the King to hear that his mother, Queen Natalie, is writing a novel describing her matrimonial differences with King Milan under a thin veil of fiction. Next door, in Montenegro, wedding preparations are going on for the marriage of the Crown Prince with the daughter of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, which takes place at Cetinje on the 30th inst.

The senior Princess of Europe has just kept her second birthday—Princess Clémentine of Orleans. Not so long ago the Princess was at death's door, but she is quite hale and hearty once more.

Unless anything unforeseen occurs the German Emperor has quite decided to visit Cowes in August. He will be in the *Hohenzollern*, and probably bring a yacht to join in the regatta.

The Duke of Saxe Coburg has left England for Germany, where much angry discussion is going on in the Diet concerning the succession. The Coburgers are most anxious to have the matter brought up in Germany so as to become a thorough German.

In Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

By way of diversion from a doleful condition beyond precedent in earlier Sessions, the House of Commons on Monday indulged in a real Scotch night. The subject was not even a Church question or one relating to the Crofters. It did not approach the burning question of Herring Brand, known in former times as the exciting scenes. It was all about the Procedure on Private Legislation, which the Lord Advocate proposes to amend. The House got into Committee early, and spent a long summer night wading round the clauses. The English, Irish, and Welsh members, with few exceptions, modestly retired, leaving the ground to the Scots. The exceptions were Mr. Cripps, for whose law-trained mind the intricacies of the measure had irresistible attraction. He even moved amendments and made long speeches. The other member was Mr. Dillon, who was not going to waste the opportunity of making a speech because the matter strictly pertained to Scotland. Irish members resent the interpolation of English and Scotch upon their preserves. That is no reason why Mr. Dillon should not contribute his counsel to a Committee of Scotch members.

Leaving the Scotchmen to themselves, other members flocked into the Lobby and thronged the Terrace, talking about the coming crisis in the Transvaal. Not less than ten questions stood on the paper addressed to Mr. Chamberlain, most of them designed to "draw" him on the subject of his intentions towards Oom Paul. Sir Alfred Milner having made nothing of that crafty and sulky old gentleman, the next move would be with Mr. Chamberlain. What direction would it take? Interest was intensified by discovery that Mr. Chamberlain was not in his place. Suddenly there burst forth a torrent of conjecture. Some remembered that, alone among his colleagues in the Cabinet, the Secretary for the Colonies had not put in an appearance at Hatfield on the occasion of Lady Salisbury's Garden Party. It was clear that portentous evil things. Mr. Chamberlain had either resigned, or, setting his back to the wall, was awaiting a spirit of resignation creeping over his colleagues.

As a matter of fact Mr. Chamberlain spent Saturday in Birmingham entertaining the American Minister and Mrs. Gurnea at his house. Not being a bird, he could not on the same day be at Hatfield. On Monday a business engagement detained him in Birmingham till past the hour at which he might have caught the train that would bring him to his place in time for the sitting of the House of Commons. This last accident was decidedly convenient, since it provided opportunity for the Colonial Secretary to meet his colleagues in Cabinet Council before he faced his questioners in the Commons. Meanwhile Mr. Balfour was approached. He used a phrase that is not Parliamentary, Mr. Galloway did not get much change out of him. The question was whether Her Majesty's Government have yet come to any decision upon the new situation in the Transvaal, following on President Kruger's rejection of the proposal for a settlement of the franchise question, set forth by Sir A. Milner at the Bloemfontein Conference. "I have," said Mr. Balfour stiffly, "no statement to make on the Transvaal policy at present, but I am bound to state that the Government are fully conversant with the situation to that made by my right honourable friend the Secretary of State for the Colonies, on Friday last." Evidently there was nothing for it but patience till Mr. Chamberlain turned up.

On Tuesday afternoon the Lobby was seething with rumour. It happened that a Bill brought in at the instance of the Corporation occupied some hours of public time. During discussion the most populous places were the Lobby and the Terrace and the Room. Wherever two or three were gathered together there was talk of dissension in the Cabinet, and of the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain. As time passed on, the rumour grew bolder, and it was said he had actually resigned. It was added to the fire by a categorical statement in one of the papers to the effect that the Secretary for the Colonies, Mr. Chamberlain had arranged a visit to Switzerland and would start forth immediately.

Meanwhile Mr. Chamberlain sat in the smoking-room, waiting the opening of public business, chatting with a friend and listening at the buzz of talk he could not ignore. There is absolutely nothing in these stories, but they served to while away some hours of forced idleness while the floor of the House of Commons was wrangled into a sort of College Green Parliament, Irishmen wrangling with each other as to the rights and wrongs of the bonfire of the Dublin. When Mr. Chamberlain found opportunity to make a long string of questions addressed to him he proved to be in a good mood. Usually reference to the Transvaal or mention of Oom Paul works upon him with irritating effect. On Monday he was almost defiant, certainly subdued, in manner, but his little incident that fixed the attention of the watchful House was his remark that "Her Majesty's Government" will wait for directions from the High Commissioner containing full reports of the Colonial Secretary, having occasion to allude to the Transvaal power, has preferred the briefer and more emphatic phrase singular.

The general effect of the long catechism was to soothe the excitement of the hour and predispose members to the countenance which took place at eight o'clock. Before that befel the House Government Bill and the Budget Bill passed their final stages.

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The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT AS HAMLET

In spite of some magnificent outbursts which on Monday evening moved the crowded audience at the ADELPHI to tumultuous demonstrations, Madame Sarah Bernhardt's Hamlet cannot be said to have fulfilled the expectations which had been awakened by the reports of her recent performances of this part in Paris. Her young Prince of Denmark, with his light chestnut locks, his long, trailing cloak, and "customary suit of solemn black," is youthful, ardent, impetuous, and prone to be carried away by tempests of passionate utterance; but the deep pathos of the part is wanting, nor is the refinement, the melancholy grace, or the princely courtesy which we all associate with the character adequately suggested. To tell the truth the effect of the calmer passages of the play is slightly monotonous, as if the actress were reserving herself for one of those explosions of passion which experience has taught her can always be relied on to delight her admirers. A remarkable illustration of this was the comparatively faint impression created by the meditative soliloquies as distinguished from the familiar, "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" in which speech her almost electrical influence over her audience was once more exemplified. The most noteworthy shortcoming was, perhaps, the lack of reverential awe upon the first appearance of the Ghost of the murdered King on the platform at Elsinore. The tender sadness of that exquisitely beautiful speech, "I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth," together with such pathetic touches as the address to Horatio, "Thou would'st not think how ill all's here about my heart," passed in this way almost unnoticed. Hamlet's contemptuous banter and mockery of Polonius and the two courtiers, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, were, on the other hand, brought out with a light touch, especially valuable in a performance which suffered so much from the lack of variety of tone. Madame Bernhardt adopts the modern notion that the young Prince in the scene with Ophelia had detected the spies behind the arras, and indignant at her connivance in the trick, had grown suddenly embittered in his feelings towards her. The notion is hardly reconcilable with the text, for Hamlet would scarcely have ventured upon the hint of his murderous purpose conveyed in the sinister qualification, "All but one shall live," if he had been aware that the King was within hearing. It is an effective point, however, and Madame Bernhardt certainly makes a more striking use of it than any of her predecessors. The arrangements of the play scene were somewhat novel and not ineffective. Instead of erecting the little stage at the back, in full view of the audience, it was placed to the left of the spectator and opposite to the King and Queen and their suite, who sat upon a little gallery about the height of a tall man upon the right. Thus Hamlet, who watched the performance from this side, reclining on the ground beside Ophelia, has

his back turned to the King till, at the climax of this exciting episode, he springs upon a bench and confronts the conscience-stricken usurper with a startling suddenness. The notion of making the young Prince deliver the advice to the players just before this scene from the little stage—as if he were a public lecturer, instead of in the customary easy colloquial manner—was certainly not a desirable innovation. In the chamber scene with the Queen the old business is revived of the two large portraits hanging side by side on the wall as seen in the illustration to Rowe's edition, which dates back to the early years of Queen Anne, and doubtless follows a stage tradition from the poet's days. The Ghost, moreover, in flagrant disregard of

the old school of French critics, found M. Schutz, who brought out admirably the part. The translation, by MM. Monod and Schwob, is based on Mr. Forbes Robertson's acting copy, which follows the original with an occasional fidelity. In spite of its obvious disadvantages, this translation is certainly preferable to a free rendering in verse, and no version in French rhymed metre can possibly be better than free.

DR. CONAN DOYLE'S NEW PLAY

The new play entitled *Halves*, which Dr. Conan Doyle has fashioned out of an early novel with the same name, is the late Mr. Doyle's first venture into the theatre. It was given on Saturday evening last, and secured a very favourable reception. It is not a drama with its conflicts of passion, but it has the special merit of being entirely free from unwholesome excitements. Not since Mr. Cartwright's *Liberty Hall* or Mr. G. R. Grundy's *Red Rover* has a play so recently appeared which has so far touched the hearts of the audience at the Gaiety Theatre and the Gaiety Theatre. It is a piece so simple and so interesting, and a footling in the London stage. *Halves* is destined to enjoy a career of popularity. I cannot allow myself to doubt. Let those who can enjoy their *Gay Lord Quexes* and their *Reluctant Susans*. Here is a piece which can never have occasioned the Lord Chamberlain's Licensor any sort of hesitation. In other words this is a play for family consumption. Happy is the dramatist and fortunate the management who can say as much. It would be unjust, however, to infer that its perfect harmlessness has been attained at the cost of insipidity. The humour and sprightliness of the dialogue and the cleverness of the characterisation would alone serve to shield it against that reproach. As to the story of William and Robert Lawson, the stay-at-home and the roving teacher, who enter into a solemn compact to meet again at the end of five years, and share that fortune, if any, they may have made in the interval, it is a tender material for a play which extends to three acts. Robert the wanderer who leads the circle of his friends to the County Down, under that he has been from Mexico, while he is in the country, is a simple and productive of a most interesting situation. The play is well acted. One of the Miss Gertrude, as Robert's wife, is a little while a little and a little a little, she exhibits at the prospect of having to share their small fortune. There is certainly much force in her exclamation, "As a lifetime's savings?" but a lady who alternately fawns and flatters, as eager legatees at the reading of the will in Lord Lawson's odious for the the chances of good fortune appear to vary, is a little bluff, homely, prevailing spirit of the play. Mr. Brandon's first voice, and his Anglo-Mexican, with his grizzled beard, best of all, is altogether admirable. Mr. James Welch plays the other brother with the overbearing wife with quiet humour.



On the motion that the thanks of the House be given to Lord Kitchener and the officers and men who took part in the Sudan campaign, Mr. Davitt protested that he could not support the resolution because "it contained no expression of regret for the killing of the wounded at Omdurman on the order of these officers. Their action towards helpless enemies on the field was a disgrace to our civilisation." When the division came on, Mr. Davitt could only get some seventeen members to vote with him.

THE SUDAN DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: MR. DAVITT OBJECTS

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

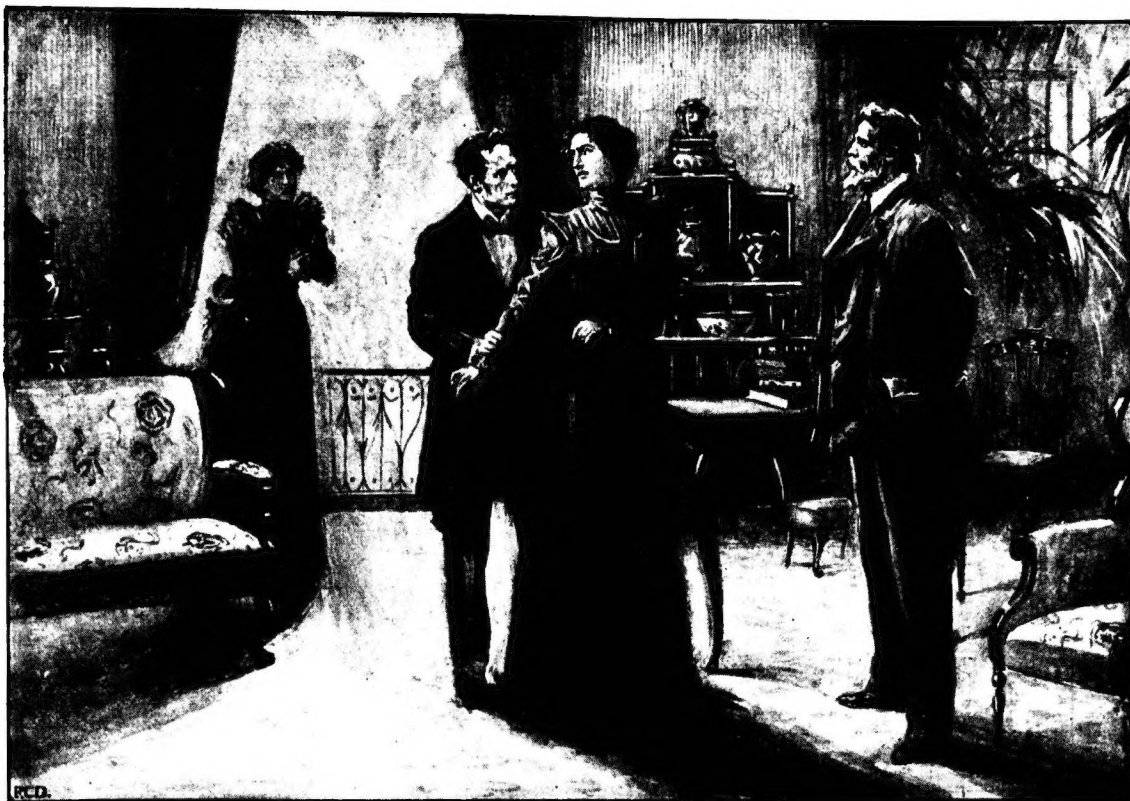
Hamlet's words "Out at the Portal," does not stalk through the room, but becomes suddenly visible in an illuminated panel. The fencing scene, as all who witnessed the actress's performance in *Lorenzaccio*, will be prepared to hear, was very brilliant, and the tragic climax furnished Madame Bernhardt once more with one of those great death scenes which always stir her audiences in a remarkable way. Thus the performance which, reduced though the text is, occupied four hours in representation, was brought to a triumphant close. The part of Ophelia was played very prettily, though with no great depth of feeling, by Mlle. Marthe Mellot, and the first grave digger, whose presence in this tragedy gave so great a shock to

critical. We easily forgive her for the small part she played in the prospect of having to share their small fortune. There is certainly much force in her exclamation, "As a lifetime's savings?" but a lady who alternately fawns and flatters, as eager legatees at the reading of the will in Lord Lawson's odious for the the chances of good fortune appear to vary, is a little bluff, homely, prevailing spirit of the play. Mr. Brandon's first voice, and his Anglo-Mexican, with his grizzled beard, best of all, is altogether admirable. Mr. James Welch plays the other brother with the overbearing wife with quiet humour.

Among tokens of the waning theatrical season are the numerous social benefit matinées—a class project not encouraged by managers in busy times. On Tuesday next we shall have at the THEATRE ANTIEN a matinée in aid of the fund of the Oxygen Home, which Madame Sarah Bernhardt has generously undertaken to give in a little piece entitled *Un jour dans les Ténèbres*, besides one entitled *Jerry Bundler*, by Mrs. W. W. Jacobs and H. Charles Rock, to be played for the first time. The benefit is given to Mr. Joseph Hurst, in acknowledgment of his thirty years' service in the box office of the LYCEUM, and his popularity with Sir Henry Irving's troupe and the profession, is to take place at the LYCEUM (given by the management for the occasion) on the evening of Friday, 23rd inst. It will be followed on Monday, 26th, by a matinée at the HAYMARKET, arranged by the Carthusians on behalf of the Waterhouse Mission. The important annual matinée for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund at the HAYMARKET is arranged for Thursday, July 13, when *The Little Minister* will be given with the original cast.

Nevertheless more French performances are announced. Besides Madame Sarah Bernhardt's season at the ADELPHI, to be followed by M. Coquelin's series of performances at the same house, Madame Réjane, the famous impersonator of Madame Sans-Gêne, is reported to be negotiating for a theatre, and another visit is also expected of the company of the Comédie Française.

It is very circumstantially stated that one of the great realistic scenes in the next DRURY LANE autumn drama will be an attempt to represent a Private View Day at the Royal Academy. The question will naturally arise whether it is intended to make up



Mary Dawson
(Miss Nellie Thorne)

Dr. William Dawson
(Mr. James Welch)

Mrs. William Dawson
(Miss Geraldine Olliffe)

Robert Dawson
(Mr. Brandon Thomas)

MRS. DAWSON OBJECTS TO THE CLAIM OF HER BROTHER-IN-LAW

"HALVES," DR. CONAN DOYLE'S NEW PLAY AT THE GARRICK

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

performers in the likeness of the living celebrities who are wont to congregate on these occasions. If we may trust the report it is, for it is stated that "people representing great figures in contemporary history and contemporary society will be seen strolling and chatting."

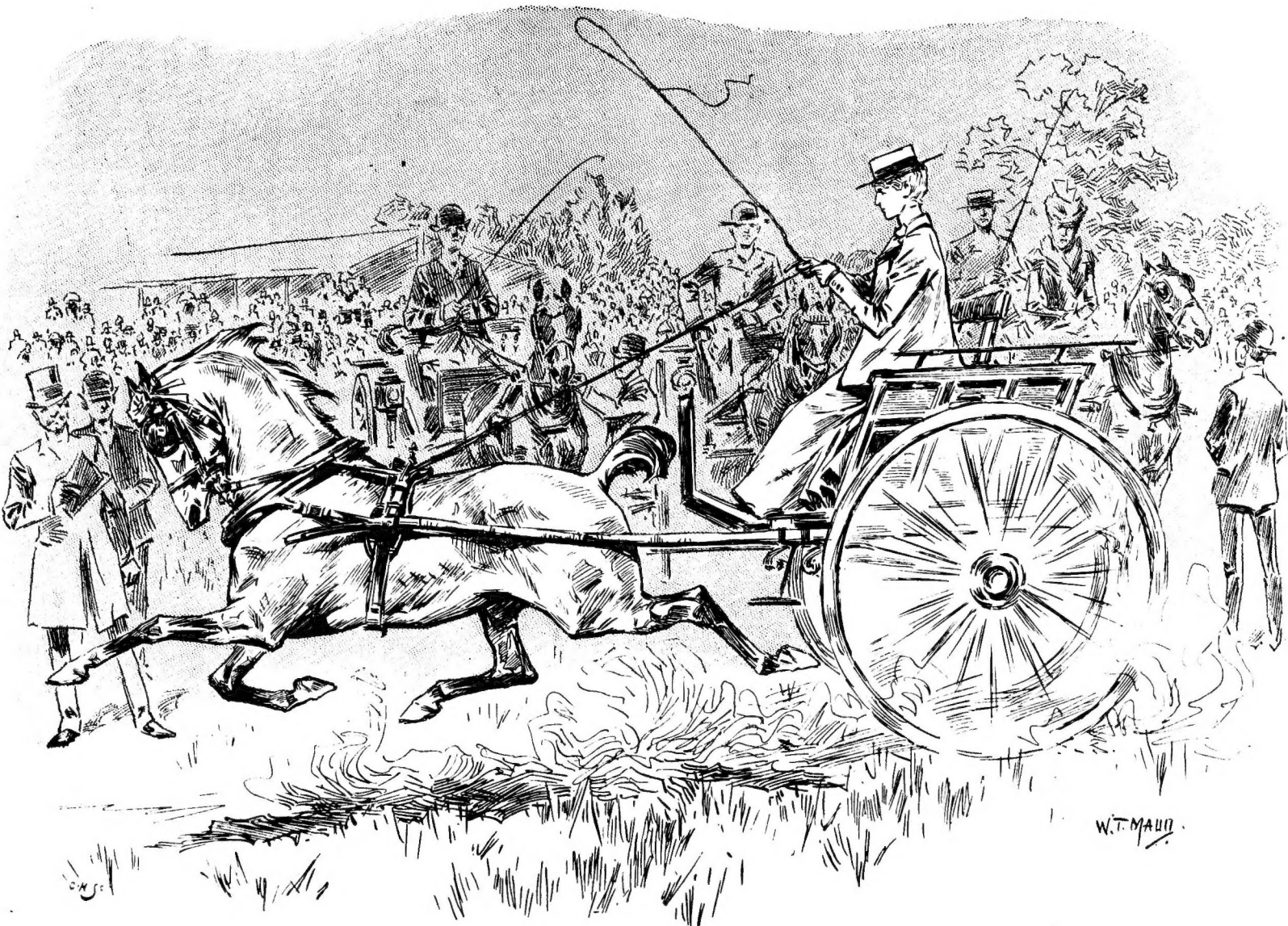
A curious echo of the now rapidly subsiding Dreyfus feuds in Paris was heard at the PRINCESS'S Theatre one evening last week, at

the performance of *One of the Best*, the story of which play, it will be remembered, is substantially identical with the "Affaire-Dreyfus." During the degradation scene a party of Frenchmen in the pit shouted "A bas Dreyfus!" "A bas les Juifs." The counter cries, however, which this silly demonstration evoked were decidedly stronger, and though the contest lasted through the whole of the *entr'acte*, the original disturbers gained little by their exertions.

In Days of Old will be withdrawn after the 24th inst., and the ST. JAMES'S Theatre will then pass into the hands of the builders for alterations which extend to the stage and the auditorium, and indeed to every part of the theatre, including that important item the exits. While the house is being thus, as folk say, "turned topsyturvy," Mr. Alexander and his company will be away on a professional tour which begins immediately after their brief holiday—that is on August 28—at the new Kennington Theatre. They will no be back at headquarters before the new year.

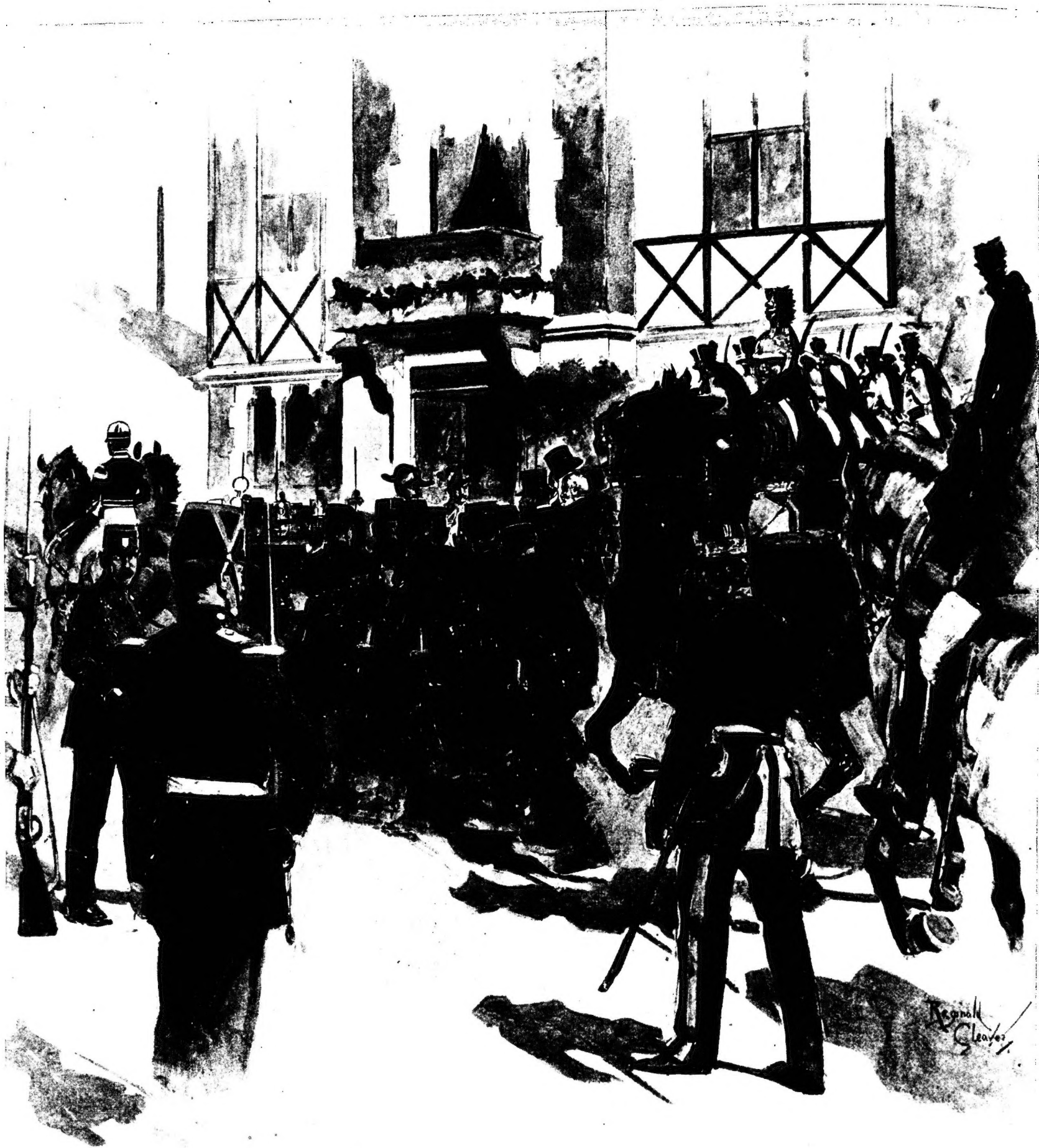
Mr. Charles Wyndham has determined on July 21 for the day of his farewell performances at the CRICKET. There will be both an afternoon and evening performance. At the former, *The Case of the Rebellious Susan* will be played.

The next drama of old Court life in France will present Mrs. Langtry, who has so long been absent from the London stage, in the character of Marie Antoinette. The period of the play—which is the work of Mr. Robert Buchanan and the lady novelist who prefers to be known to the world under the pseudonym of "Charles Marlowe"—is not the dismal time of the Terror, but the earlier days of the famous *procès* of the Diamond Necklace, familiar to readers of Carlyle and Dumas.



ACTION AND PACE COMBINED : MRS. BUTCHER DRIVING
THE ROYAL HORSE SHOW AT RICHMOND

DRAWN BY W. T. MAULL



M. LOUBET'S ARRIVAL WITH M. DUPUY AT THE BACK OF THE PRESIDENTIAL TRIBUNE
THE GRAND PRIX DAY: PRESIDENT LOUBET AT LONGCHAMPS
DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

The Grand Prix

A STRANGER visiting Paris on Sunday might have supposed that the city was in a state of siege, so elaborate were the precautions taken to ensure that there should be no repetition of the disgraceful scenes at Auteuil on the previous Sunday. The whole route from the Elysée, past the Arc de Triomphe, all down the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, through the Porte Dauphin, down the Route de Suresnes and the Carrefour des Rois, and right to Longchamps, was closely guarded by a large force of police, Republican Guards, mounted and on foot, and soldiers. On the course itself still more elaborate measures were taken, and the races were held in the midst of the strangest surroundings. Twelve hundred police in plain clothes were on duty in various parts

of the paddock. Over twelve hundred police in uniform and an equal number of Republican Guards and infantry were on duty on the course. Two temporary police-stations were provided, while in the paddock a large tent was pitched, in which the Procureur and six magistrates with Commissaries were placed. Fifteen prison vans ready horsed were in attendance. The most elaborate directions were also issued. It was forbidden to cross the track or to loiter between the course and the paddock, and two battalions of infantry were drawn up alongside the rails to enforce the order. Most minute instructions were given as to what constituted forbidden cries, emblems, or weapons, and any attempt to cause a disturbance or to make an insulting demonstration against the President was to be immediately suppressed.

President Loubet, who was escorted by a strong guard of Cuirassiers, was loudly cheered as he drove along the route, and not a single adverse cry was heard. At the course

itself his reception was enthusiastic. Our artist, in describing the arrival of the President at the entrance to the Presidential Tribune, wrote: "The whole tribune was surrounded by police and the Republican Guard, and, as the carriage drove up, it was completely hidden by police, the mounted escort closing up all round. The police seemed in an awful funk the whole time." Soon after his arrival the race for the Grand Prix was run, but the public seemed to take little interest in anything except cheering the President. On the return journey the same enthusiasm was shown, the President and the Ministers being heartily greeted as they drove past.

There is no doubt that, though the day passed peacefully enough, this year's Grand Prix was not a social success. The military precautions probably scared people; at any rate the admissions to the course produced only 230,000 francs, as compared with 341,000 francs last year.



FRANK
CRAIG

"We went out on to the veranda at the back, and took fans and chairs, and talked"

THE WAR OF THE QUAH JU-JU

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE. Illustrated by FRANK CRAIG

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I.

"AS accountable for those fire-bars, and that is how the trouble
I was chief engineer, you see, and although Captain Debbs
the only other white officer the little *M'wara* had on board, I
all the responsibilities of the chief of a 9,000-ton Cunarder.
My stores checked when I took over command; and I'd make
indent of what was expended between each round trip from
Leone; and if there was any extravagance it was me and not
that would get the blame.
Down we were doing a roaring business with passenger-boys;
pick them up or set them down at every place we stopped at;
the decks of the *M'wara* were full of them; and they made the
steamerboat smell like a Glasgow tram-stable. But they'd got a
kind of dying which we couldn't hinder. Fever knocked them
and dysentery; and others of the plagues of Africa which we
men have no name for; and some I do believe died for no
reason but just to stir up trouble between Debbs and me.
You see, Captain Debbs was great on funerals. He was a member
of some fancy new sect which had got a mission in Sarry Leone,
and he believed that if he could get in a funeral service over a dead
nigger, and have him sent over the side with a couple of fire-bars
tied fast to his shins, he'd grabbed that nigger as a *bona fide*
convert. It would have been no use arguing with the man; he was
clean convinced. And, as a matter of fact, I didn't argue; but I

forbade my fellows down in the stokehold to let him have a free run
of those fire-bars. One fire-bar is enough to sink any dead nigger
with decency, and more is sheer lavish extravagance. Two's luxury
only fit for a white man.

But Captain Debbs was not the man to give up his position
without words; and, moreover, he was new to the Coast, and only
knew the black man from what he'd learnt through tracts and
missionary books at home. Says he, "Mr. McTodd, they're my
brothers."

"Weel," said I, "if ye say they're yer brithers, I'll no' be rude
enough for to deny it. You English have some queer connections.
But they're no relatives of mine. I'm Scottish myself."

For that he knocked me down, but I pulled him to the deck
also, and pummelled him so that it was two days before he got
back his senses again. It was me and the krooboy that took the
M'wara back into Freetown; and it was me the owners sacked
the moment I stepped ashore. But I know for a fact that Debbs
was stopped his game with the fire-bars from then onwards. Each
dead nigger got his proper whack on one fire-bar, neither more
nor less, and I take credit for having preserved the Rule of the
Coast.

Now what I did for the next six months in Sarry Leone is a
matter of my own concern, and I do not care to publish it in these
present memoirs. I was not making a fortune just then, and if I

did not starve, it was because white men in a West African colony
do not care to let the niggers rejoice by seeing another white man
go hungry. But the next piece of remunerative occupation which
I found—and it caused me to sign on again as chief engineer of the
M'wara—was a surprise even to myself. Indeed, if anyone, before
I found the job, had told me that I, the son of the most highly
respected minister in the Free Kirk of Scotland, would ever
imperil my life for the safety of a heathen idol, I should have said
straight out that he leed. And if anyone had added that I should
be lugged into the business through sheer liking for a young woman
who was not even white, I should have said that not only did he
lee also, but he'd a very poor acquaintance with the methods of
Neil Angus McTodd.

The young woman's name was Laura Cameron, and I came to
know her through her father, who kept a store on the Kissy Road.
It was he that approached me about the business first, and I let
him know straight that he'd got hold of the wrong man. He'd the
sense not to push me too hard. "Maybe you'd like time to think
it over, sar?" says he.

"No," said I. "Palaver set."
"Very well, sar," says he with a sigh, "palaver set. And now,
sar, I ask you to come into house, an' my daughtah shall swizzle
you cocktail. Perhaps you will stay for chop afterwards?"

"Right-O," said I, and stepped through the back of the shop.

The old man was a mulatto; in colour like a ginger-bread cake; and he talked ordinary Coast-English. The daughter (I was a good deal surprised to find) was many shades lighter. In fact, she was as white to look at as myself, with hair that wasn't even kinky, and pink colour to her cheeks, and a figure as good as any lady's you could see on the stage. And if I'd met her in England, and not known who she was, I'd not have cared to speak, she'd that much manner about her. But knowing she was only a nigger, of course I was just as free with her as I should be with you, and sat down on the table, and called her "my dear" from the very start.

But she was not one to take liberties with, though. She had been to parties, and danced with officers of the West India Regiment, and she had a full opinion of her own looks and responsibilities. And because it wasn't as easy to get on with her as with some, I think I liked her all the more. She'd been in England to school, and could play the harmonium, and speak French, and do geography. There were plates, hand-painted by herself, hung on the white-washed wall of their sitting-room. And she'd a school friend that had stayed near Ballindrochater throughout one holiday. It was plain that she was splendidly educated. I was born in Ballindrochater myself.

She invited me to have a second cocktail, but I know my weakness, and refused. And then we went out on to the verandah at the back, and took fans and chairs, and talked. I don't know when I've been so struck on a young woman in so short a time.

I stayed on to tea, but her father didn't come in, and she and I had it together. A regular slap-up tea it was too: none of your common native chop; but tinned salmon, and marmalade, and pickles, same as you might have here at home. It was the most Christian blow-out I'd had in Sarry Leone.

After tea we went out to the verandah again, and one of the chairs was gone. I sat me down, and invited her to my knee, and after a bit of a pout she came. It was moonlight and quite cool, and we didn't even have to fan. She gave me a good black Canary cigar, and lit it with her own pretty fingers, and I tell you I felt as comfortable a man as any in Africa.

Presently she leans her head against mine, and "Mr. McTodd," says she, "would you do me a service?"

"I'm no' a very affluent man just now," said I, "but anything you ask, my dear, shall have my best consideration."

"I do not want you to buy me anything," says she, with a little shake to my arm. "I want you to do something that will bring in money to yourself."

"I'm no' one of those that despises siller."

"You can have back your old berth on the *Mwara* if you'll do as I wish, and have fifty pounds above and beyond your pay."

"But the *Mwara's* going up to the Quah River to-morrow to take soldiers for a bit of a war there. I heard as much down at Gibraltar wharf to-day. Debbs is still skipper, and the owners would never let me go aboard again whilst Debbs is there."

"Mr. McTodd, I know all that. But you're wrong in one thing. The owners will give you back your old berth as Chief if I wish it."

"Weel, if you can work it, my dear—"

"I can and will, if you promise to do for me what I ask."

"And what might that be?"

She put her lips close to my ear. "Neil, darling," she whispers, "I want the Quah *ju-ju*."

I took a long pull at the cigar. "That'll be the big idol the war's all about?" said I.

"It isn't very big, Neil. You could carry it under one arm."

"I shouldn't like to try. It's a foul thing they make human sacrifices to, isn't it?"

She drew herself away from my shoulder. "Oh, I've heard some such tale. But if you're frightened, Mr. McTodd, I needn't bother you any more."

"It's curious," said I, "but your dad was pumping me on the self-same subject. Only he offered me five-and-twenty pound instead of fifty if I could set the idol down in his shop."

"Father's very anxious to get it, I know. That's why I'm anxious, just for his sake. That's why I offered so much money."

"Ye'll have tried your hand on Debbs?" I said at a venture.

"Captain Debbs, he mission-man," says she, dropping into the native phrase.

"And I make no doubt you've also tried the officer commanding the West India troops?" I said at another venture.

She drew away from my knee and stood up before me in the moonlight. I saw that her face was flushed. Her fingers clenched and unclenched. "Mr. McTodd," says she, "I do not choose that you should be my inquirer. This evening you have expressed interest for me, and offered, if the chance came in your way, to go to Europe. I have you a little thing, and at once you fail me. And the next morning, when I ask you, 'why aren't I white?' Then I find you are the man who'd jump to do as I wish."

"You are white to look at," I said. "You're whiter in skin than I am."

"But you're black, and you know it, and take advantage of my colour. You white men are brutes. You think that all who are not born as yourselves, are merely sent into the world to make you ease or sport."

Weel, you was quite true, but it did not make me feel in any the better conceit of myself for all that. I bit hard on the Canary cigar, and stared out at the shadow of a palm tree thrown black across the garden soil by the moonlight. It didn't seem that I'd anything left to say. The girl leaned up against one of the verandah posts, and I saw her bosom heaving. Her eyes shone bright with tears in the moon. "Oh, Neil—Neil," I heard her say in sort of whispering sobs, "I didn't think you could be cruel to me like the others."

I got up and clapped an arm round her. I thought it was only right. "My dear," I said, "what do you want this idol for?"

"What does it matter?" says she, miserably. "You don't care."

"You'd better tell me, and then maybe I can help."

"My father has a commission to buy up native curiosities for a gentleman in England who is making a collection."

I hugged her to me. "You'd found it easier to have told me before, my dear. I thought, from what your dad hinted, it was for something else. You shall have the ugly thing so soon as ever I can come back with it, if you can fix me up th' berth on the *Mwara*."

"Oh, that's simple. I have influence with the owners. But how can I be sure you will get the *ju-ju* for me?"

"Because I tell you."

"But I am only a nigger girl, and you will think nothing of breaking your word to me."

I took a long breath and lied bravely. I could do no less. You'd have lied yourself, if you'd been there with that girl snuggling close to you under the moonshine. "Laura Cameron," I said, "I look upon you as white as a Governor of Sarry Leone. I look upon you as white as myself."

She thanked me with a squeeze. "But the *ju-ju* will be very hard to get," says she. "If you let the soldier officers know anything about it, they will stop you at once."

"Oh, those swine are always on the loot for themselves. Catch me talking."

"And the Quah tribes are very savage. You will not find it easy to take the *ju-ju* from them."

"I'm no' quite a lamb myself," said I, "when it comes to pagan niggers standing in the way of what I want. Will you seal the bargain?"

"How can I do that, Neil?" says she with a blush.

"A kiss would make it safer than a charter-party stamp," said I, and there and then we pledged the contract. I'd have married that girl out of hand that very day, if I'd seen my way to setting up a household. But I hadn't a shilling in my pocket; I'd to go to sea and earn more; and so it was no use saying what I'd in my mind. Eh, well, there are times when a man can look back upon poverty and ken it's been a useful thing to him."

II.

THE *Mwara* was standing out past the white lighthouse on the point, and threading her way amongst the shoals. Freetown was out of sight behind a green wooded shoulder, though a building or two showed amongst the trees higher up on the mountains. Far away on the starboard hand was the low swampy Bullom shore, and ahead was the open sea, glittering like diamonds in the sunlight. We'd two hundred black soldiers of the West India Regiment on board, with machine guns, and grub, and ammunition cases, and all their other truck; and they didn't leave much standing room. The *Mwara* was only eighty tons. If she'd been bigger she'd not have had an uncertificated engineer for Chief, and the only white man in her stokehold.

I was standing in my engine-room door to get a breath of air, and have a think. And as I watched the wooded shores slip by, with the breakers creaming right up amongst the tree roots, I can't say that the situation altogether pleased me. I had gone to the office as directed, and seen the owners, and asked to be put back in my old berth, just as Laura had told me. They gave me the billet without a warning; they fired out another man then and there to make it vacant; and they looked upon me whilst the business was being done, as though I was some strange animal in a show. I took it all with an easy face; I didn't turn a hair; I could keep a brazen look on me before the Provost of Edinburgh; but I didn't feel comfortable for all that. It looked as if there was some bigish influence being brought to bear for the sake of a mere native curiosity. The thing didn't seem proportionate somehow. And I heard the Camerons' name whispered about the office in a way which told me they were more considerable people than I had guessed.

Yet there was one thing certain: whoever was in at the back of the matter, Debbs was not. Debbs had met me at the head of the gangway when I came on board, and "By thunder!" says he. "It's McTodd! Is it you they've sacked my last Chief for? By thunder!" says he, "you aren't fit to finger a lump of waste that man's wiped his nose with."

"You're wearing my marks on your face yet," said I, "and it you don't carry a civil tongue, I'll give you one or two more to add to the collection."

"You don't appear to have grown another tooth," says he, "in place of that one I unbent."

"I left the gap to remind me of you and your ways," said I. "How's the funeral trade?" I said, for I knew that would touch him.

He didn't trust himself to speak. He turned away, and I make no doubt gave his own tale of myself to the soldier officers, for excepting as the baldest of duty matters, no further word did I have with either them, or him till the *Mwara* got back again to her anchorage off Freetown, Sarry Leone.

It suited me very weel; and though probably Debbs was pleased enough to mess in the cabin, it's nothing in my line to have to wash up and dress, just to sit down and be uncomfortable with a lot of swells. So I just used to chop alone in my room; and I preferred much to do without company, rather than be sawneying in with that sort.

It took us a two days' run down to the mouth of the Quah River, and we had to hang off twenty-four hours more because a bad sea was running on the bar, and we should have been swamped if we'd tried to cross it. As it was we bumped pretty bad in going in, and had the decks swept fore and aft. A native pilot came off to take us up the river; for Quah Town was some thirty-eight or forty miles above the mouth. It seems we were wanted in a hurry. The Quahmen had got their tails up again, the three European factories were in a state of siege, and the whites in them were scared out of their lives.

All was hurry then, you can bet. The soldier officers were full of fight, and it was "Push along those engines of yours, Mr. McTodd," twenty times a day. But twice the nigger pilot put us on a mud bank, and we had to perch there whilst a tide fell and rose, and it took the *Mwara* nearly fifty hours to do the forty miles. The mud banks gleamed against the wiry mangroves on the banks, the sun glared from overhead, and the brown waters of the river gave out a smell of marigolds fit to make you choke. The whole place reeked with fever, and I rolled a cigarette paper full of quinine and swallowed it every watch.

But at last we came up with the factories, and then the fun began. All the buildings had been grass-roofed, with bamboo walls, but two of them had been burnt out, and not one of them could withstand a gun-shot. They'd a palisade round the whole, with sentries here and there, and they looked very warlike, and very sick, and very down on their luck. There were only ten whites, all told, and

eight Portuguese, and sixty kroolays; and their principal weapons were flint-lock "trade" guns made out of gas-piping, with cut nails and trade powder to load them with.

There was no fighting going on when we steamed up. The town was in at the back, and there was a noise coming from the *tom-toms*, and bits of iron clashing together, and music of that kind that made you think of shipbuilding yards on the good old days. It appeared they'd one of their "customs" on in the native way, and that they'd captured some dozen of the factory kroolays, were going to sacrifice them to the *ju-ju* first, and chop them afterwards. Of course that was only natural. What else can you expect niggers to do if you stop down the slave trade? Sarry Leone, and eat if he can't, is part of the black man's gospel.

Our soldier officers were very full of bustle. A wharf straggled out into the brown river from one of the factories, and (according to instructions) laid the *Mwara* squarely across it. They got all their giddy warriors ashore, took over the defence of the place from the traders (who were glad enough to be shut out and prepared to fight according to book. It was edifying to see them, and I hoped they'd give the Quahmen plenty of occupation. But for myself, I'd the business matters of Miss Laura Cameron attend to.

Now I quite understood by this time that grabbing that idol was not the soft job it had looked in Sarry Leone. But the longer I was put off the worse it would get. And for this reason. The soldier officers were after the *ju-ju* themselves. It was common talk of the ship that if once they got it in charge, the war would end with a snap; and the Quahmen, with their king at the head of them, would come in and make submission. And besides, the Quahmen were badly pressed by the troops, they would try to carry the *ju-ju* off to the Lush, and hide it in some spot where a mortal white man could live. So anyway the longer I waited, the worse chance I would have of being successful; and if I waited long enough, it had got to be done at once. So, one evening, after I got my engines cleaned down and everything made snug, I put on fresh pyjamas, and lit a cigar, and went ashore.

I couldn't get any of the white men of the factories apart, as they were all too much taken up with Captain Debbs and the soldier officers. But I got hold of a Portuguese who spoke English, and I must say he treated me as quite the gentleman. He'd only a tin of gin and a seat in the feteesh* to offer, but he put them both at my disposal, and was willing to talk till his tongue dropped out. I was not there to discuss the falling-off in the ground-nut trade, or the probabilities of next season's crop of rubber and palm-oil; and after he'd blown off the first head of his steam on that, I clamped him down to the tune I wanted.

"You sabby dem *ju-ju* house in Quah Town?" I said.

"Sabby plenty," says he. "Before troubles, I used to lib for two one afternoon each week."

"What's this 'custom' they're on at now?"

"All-e-same cannibal palaver," says he. "Dey pinch twenty kroolays from here, and dey kill 'em funny ways in front of *ju-ju*."

"Chop 'em after?"

"You bet-a," says he.

"*Ju-ju* house lib for dis side of native-town?"

"Lib for middle," says he. "I show you, Senhor," says he, and lugs out a stub of pencil, and draws a chart on the whitened head of a palm-oil puncheon. The noise of the *tom-toms* from the native town came to us as he drew.

"Thank you," said I, "I'll remember that chart. Do they keep this blessed concert running all night through?"

"Dis which-a?"

"Dis *tom-tom* palaver."

"Oh, 'concert,' yes, I sabby. No dey stop him when dey find deir krooboy chop, and den dey all lib for houses to keep away from ghosts. Sabby?"

"Sabby plenty. I know their little ways. Well, my son, I'll be back for steamer."

"You no stay sleep-a here."

"Not much," said I. "I lib back for my own lunk, one day. But I'll have another drink with you first to our next meeting. Here's fun." And I lifted the squareface, and then passed it to him. "So long, old man."

"So long-a," said the Portuguese, and there I left him. He told me all I wanted.

III.

Now I understood from the first that I was in for a pretty contract, and I made my preparations accordingly. A rifle once fired would bring the whole beehive about my ears, so I was out of the question; a sword I couldn't use; and a knife's a knife I've never had a liking for. There's nothing of the Dago in me! So I slipped a good heavy monkey-wrench in my pocket, a measure of persuader, took a bottle of gin to bribe the sentries, another for personal reference, and set off.

The *tom-toms* had stopped, and the native town was as quiet as death. The only sounds were the snores of the West Indian in the factory sheds, and the night noises from the forest on the other side of the river. There was no moon in the sky, and a scum of white mist lay twenty feet deep all over the land. I went to the gate at the further side of the palisade, and showed sentry a bottle of squareface. "I want to go for a small country," said I.

"Oh, massa," says he, "what for?"

"My palaver," said I. "You hold your tongue and wait. I come back when I am tired, and I dash you this bottle."

"Massa, dem bushmen plenty too bad. Dey cut your throat," says he.

"My palaver," said I. "My friend, do you want this gate?"

I couldn't see his black face in the darkness, but I saw a gleam of white teeth, and pressed the bottle into his hand. He took it over the gate. The mist was thick as a hedge, but there was a good well-marked road two feet wide, and I stepped along it with much fear of getting lost. I had got the Portuguese's chart, and drew for me on the top of the palm-oil puncheon, well known to me, and knew where the turnings ought to come. There was a mile through the forest to begin with, and my shoulders were against the shrubs at the side of the road, and I got bone-deep with the dew. It hadn't begun to get cold yet, and the night was a regular stew of heat, so I uncorked my bottle of squareface.

* Retail at 1s.

a nip every now and again to keep off the fever. But I didn't wish to get noisy, when there was a town of ten cannibals close handy to join in the chorus. At the end of that half-mile I began to get amongst the houses, the ordinary grass-roofed shanties, with walls and without, as you see in all the West Coast towns; and I can tell you I was nice; and I went on my way rejoicing, nipping gin to keep off the fever. The fever's vera dangerous in the low-lying river towns, and drugs are a necessity. After five turnings to this side and that, which I took to the chart, I came to the end of the houses, and shook myself in congratulation. "Mr. McTodd," I said to myself, "you are an experienced navigator. There's trees ahead of you, a path running through them. You'll be the 'fetish grove,' misca' it in the English newspapers."

on the floor. Weel, it was a silly trap to fall into, but I'd got my wits in use, and gripped him by the windpipe before he could sing out, and then brought down the monkey-wrench, *whack*, just above his port eyebrow. He lay still, and I got up.

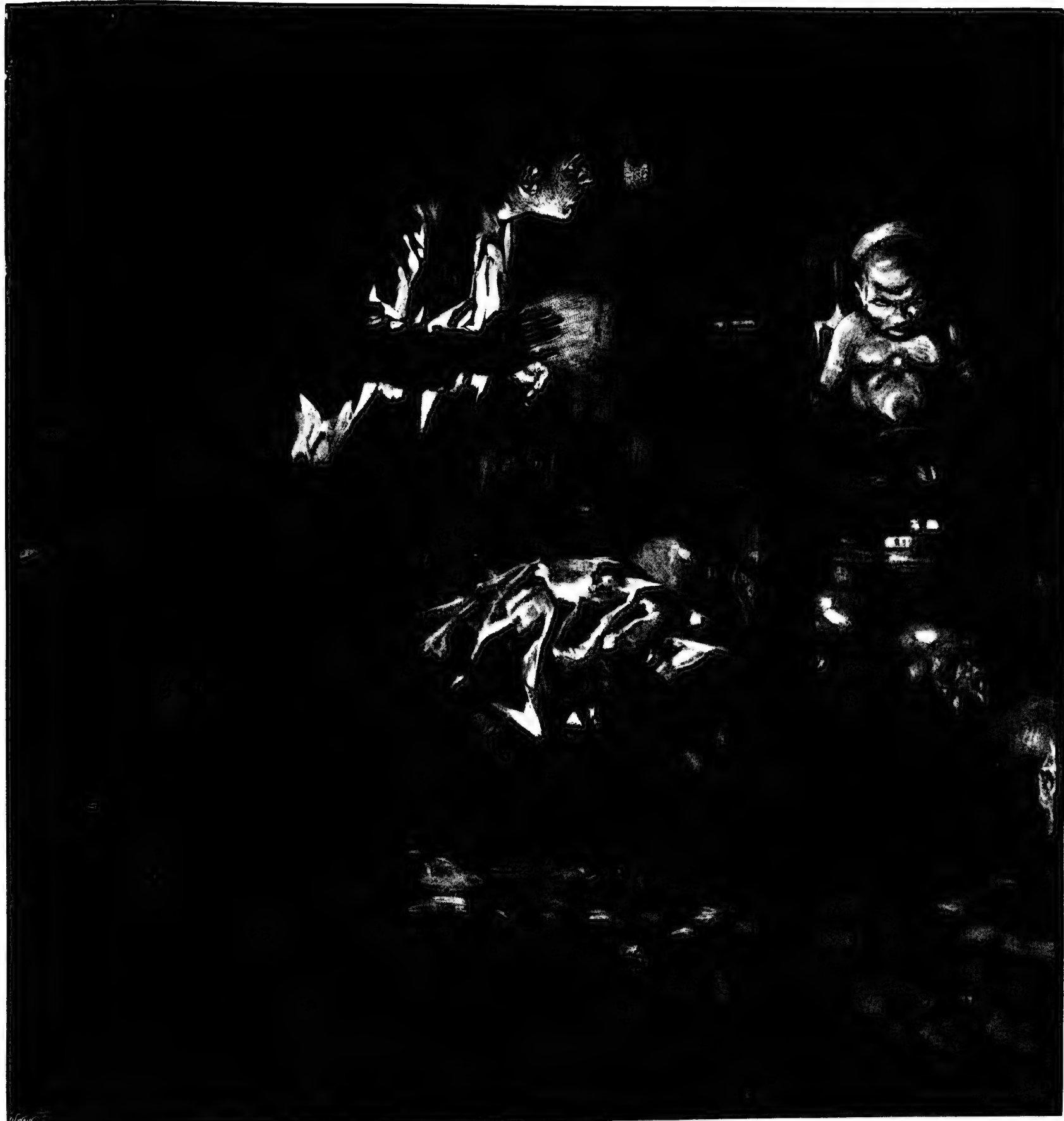
"That's the meenister of this denomination," thought I, and wondered if there were any more of them inside. I listened, but could hear nothing except the drumming of the insects, which on the West Coast never ceases. I listened on till I could hear my own heart thumping under my shirt; but the *ju-ju* house seemed empty. Then I scraped a match, and blew it out again quickly. I had seen what I wanted.

The idol stood on the ground in the middle of the *ju-ju* house. It was a squat little wooden mannikin, daubed white, and so badly carved you'd think they'd set the bairns on to do it. It had bits of looking-glass for eyes, and was that indecent in build it made me

harder with the monkey-wrench. A man like that is not fit to live. So I took a nip of gin to wish him confusion, and stepped out for back again.

This time the path through the wood was not empty. A nigger was coming along it, singing to keep up his spirits against the ghosts. I slipped into cover, and if he'd been wise he'd have passed me by. But no, he must needs try to see who I was, and so I had to baptise him with the monkey-wrench. I hit hard this time. I'd got those factory krooboy in mind, and, thinks I, "If I have let off the meenister, I'll make sure of the curate whilst I have the chance."

I got through the wood all right, but the town beyond was beginning to stir. I was getting in a mortal funk, I don't mind telling you. It made me sweat to remember how they had killed those krooboy "funny ways," and I just picked up my feet and ran.



"I scraped a match, and blew it out again quickly." I had seen what I wanted. The idol stood on the ground in the middle of the *ju-ju* house. It was a squat little wooden mannikin"

was a very bad stink coming to me through the fog, so I stepped again for luck and to keep off the fever, and stepped through the trees. Forty yards brought me to the place I wanted the stink there was enough to knock you down. The stink cleared a bit, and I could see something which turned me sick and very sober. The Portugee had been wrong when he said the Quahmen had chopped the krooboy for supper that night. But he was right in saying they had killed them "funny ways!"

Those poor devils of krooboy were not my palaver. The British Army had come to square up for them, and my business was to lie inside the *ju-ju* house. So I took another wee nip, and blew up my nose, and stepped across, and walked through the way into the dark inside.

I thought if the first thing I did wasn't to trip over a fellow lying

blush to think about. It was a bit hard to think that a trumpery little image like that had cost, one way and another, many a thousand human lives.

However, I didn't stop to speculate much on metaphysics just then. The *ju-ju* was worth 50/- to me; I had risked my life to pay it a call; and the memory of what had been done to those factory krooboy outside was a hint to get my business over and be gone, one time. So I stepped out to take it.

The ground beneath my feet felt like a roughly cobbled street, and I shivered as I trod on it. The match light had shown me that the *ju-ju* house was neatly floored with smooth human craniums. But, as I say, there was not much time for sentiment. I whipped up the image, wrapped him in the mat on which he stood, clapped him under my left arm, and made for the doorway. The *ju-ju* priest groaned as I passed him, and I felt sorry I hadn't struck

The dense white mist was commencing to thin. Twice I came upon natives who stared at me agape, and I had to down them. The monkey wrench was a beautiful tool for such a job: it was heavy, and handy, and made no glimmer of a noise.

But the place was waking round me, and before I could clear the town, there was hue and cry from twenty sides. The guns began to shoot, and men with spears tailed on in the chase; but the mist helped me still, and I footed it like a frightened dog. I struck in with the monkey-wrench whenever there was a nigger face within reach, and no one got his fingers on either me or the *ju-ju*.

Right down the forest road to the factory palisade they chased me, I leading by a matter of a dozen feet; but at the sight of that they tailed off through fear of the guns inside; and I raced up and climbed over the gate, and sat down on the mud half burst at what I'd gone through.

My friend the sentry looked at me curiously.
 "Dem bushmen plenty bad man, massa."
 "You bet," I gasped.
 "You hurt wid run, massa?"
 "I'll want new boilers in," said I. "Now look here, daddy: you keep your yam-trap shut over this, and I dash you two more bottles of squareface before steamah sails. Sabby?"
 "Sabby plenty, massa. Tank you, massa."

I stayed on in the shadow where I was till my wind came fairly back again, and then I nodded to the sentry and slipped away without making a noise. I did not want particularly to be seen with that *ju-ju*. I'd a notion from what I'd heard, that if the soldier officers came to know where it was, the thing might be taken away from me: which would have been a pity after all the trouble it had cost, not to mention losing me 50/. But as it was I managed to smuggle it aboard without anyone being the wiser, and stowed it away in a ventilator. I'd no compunction. If the British Army wanted the *ju-ju* to end the war with, they should have gone and fetched it themselves. I guess they'd got an equal chance with me when we first moored at that factory wharf.

I swallowed a big cigarette paper full of quinine when I got back to the *Mwara*, and then turned in, and you may believe that I required no rocking. But I wasn't allowed much of a watch below. At five in the morning Debbs wanted steam. So that there should be no mistake he came and ordered it himself.

"But," said I, "aren't we going to stay and bring the soldiers back?"

"You mind your own blooming business," says Debbs, as sour as a new apple. "You carry out my orders, Mr. McSandy McTodd, or you'll get fired out of this ship when we touch Freetown, and I guess you won't find the berth vacant a third time. No, by thunder!"

Debbs was trying to rile me into striking him: I saw that. Debbs hated me, and no error about it. But I was not going to please Debbs just then. I said, "Ay, aye, sunny face," and turned out and went below. It would suit me well enough to be gone from Quah River.

Well, we didn't have what you might call a happy family ship from that homewards. In a tornado we picked up, the krooboy second-headman who was steering, let her broach-to and get swept, just to spite Debbs, who'd been striking him, and the *Mwara* was minus three ventilators and a surf-boat when she looked up to it again. We'd all of us touches of fever, too, from the stink of the river; and that doesn't tend to improve men's temper, or make them work any harder. But Debbs ran her into Freetown without an actual mutiny, and that night I took the *ju-ju* ashore to the Camerons' house in the Kissy Road.

The old mulatto was in the store.

"Hullo, daddy!" I said. "You lib?"
 "Very well, tank you, sar. I hope you hab good health yo'self?"
 "I am keeping my end up, daddy. Where's Laura? In the house?"

"She lib for bush, sar. Gone yesterday."
 "The devil she did. I've got something for her."
 "Give it to me, sar. I send it her."

"Do you take me for a mug, daddy? Not much. I keep what I got till she comes back. Weel, so long," I said. I had turned to go out of the store, when a pretty voice from behind called out, "Neil!" It was so low that I could barely hear it, but I knew that voice, and I turned like a man on a hot plate.

"You old liar," I said to the mulatto, "Laura's here all the time."

He shrugged his shoulders, and I think his face went a little grey.

"Neil," came her voice again in a whisper.

I shook my fist at the old man, nipped the *ju-ju* in its package tight under my arm, and went through into the house. "It was all dark inside save for what light came in through the verandah door, but I saw her there in the shadow, and had my arm round her before you could say 'knife.' I was all hot at firs, but somehow she chilled me. She seemed more pleased to finger the *ju-ju* than the man who had got it for her, and when I kissed her it was like cuddling a figure of clay. But besides all this, she seemed frightened. She kept listening, and peering through the doorways, as though she feared someone was watching her.

"Look here, my dear," I said at last. "What's all this about?"

"Nothing," said she.

"Then why did you get your dad to say you had gone up country?"

"I thought it was best so," says she with a sigh.

"I don't understand."

"I can't explain."

I held her to me a little tighter. "Are you in trouble, my dear?" I asked.

"Yes," says she.

"Let me help you."

"You can't. You can't. You don't know what I am, or you wouldn't offer. Here's the money—fifty pounds in notes—take it and go."

I pouched the notes—there was no use being silly about that. But I did not let her loose. "My dear," I said, "I want something else. I want you. I'll marry you in the church to-morrow, and I can't say fairer than that."

"She shuddered and tried to draw away from me. You've not thought of my colour," says she.

"I'm thinking of it all the time," said I. "But I offer to marry you."

For answer she threw her arms round my neck and gave me a face with mad kisses. "I can't," she cried; "oh! I can't! I would if I dared, but I can't. I am not a white woman, and I go the way appointed." She kissed me again a hundred times. "That's for good-bye," says she, and then she slipped from my arms, and picked up the *ju-ju*, and ran out into the darkness of the garden outside.

I stood there dazed for a minute, and then I ran out into the garden after her. But I could catch no sight even of her dress, searched on and searched on, and at last I found something else, that was three Hausa policemen. They, it seemed, were on the same errand as myself. They were hunting for Laura Cameron.

But whatever was wrong (and what it was the fellows won't say), it was plain that she and old Cameron had left the place, presently the Hausas and I left also. They went back to barracks, suppose, and I put off to the *Mwara* and turned in. I didn't suppose there was anything else for me to do. But I'd a weary, miserable night of it. I'd a lot of things to tell myself, and they were not of them pleasant.

I was sent for to the office next morning, and one of the officers saw me in his private room. He shut the door carefully and took me a seat. "McTodd," said he, "I wish to give you a little warning. You were mixed up with those Camerons?"

"I kenneed them, sir."

"Quite so. Mind, I'm not wishing you to incriminate yourself, but just listen to a friendly hint. They are out of Freetown now, and where they've got to the devil only knows; and may he keep them tight. If you're cannie you'll keep clear of them in the future, or you may get your fingers very badly burnt in a way you don't suspect. Now help yourself to a cigar, man, and get back on board. The *Mwara* leaves this afternoon for Bathurst. Don't squabble with Debbs more than you can help. Good-bye. I'm very busy."

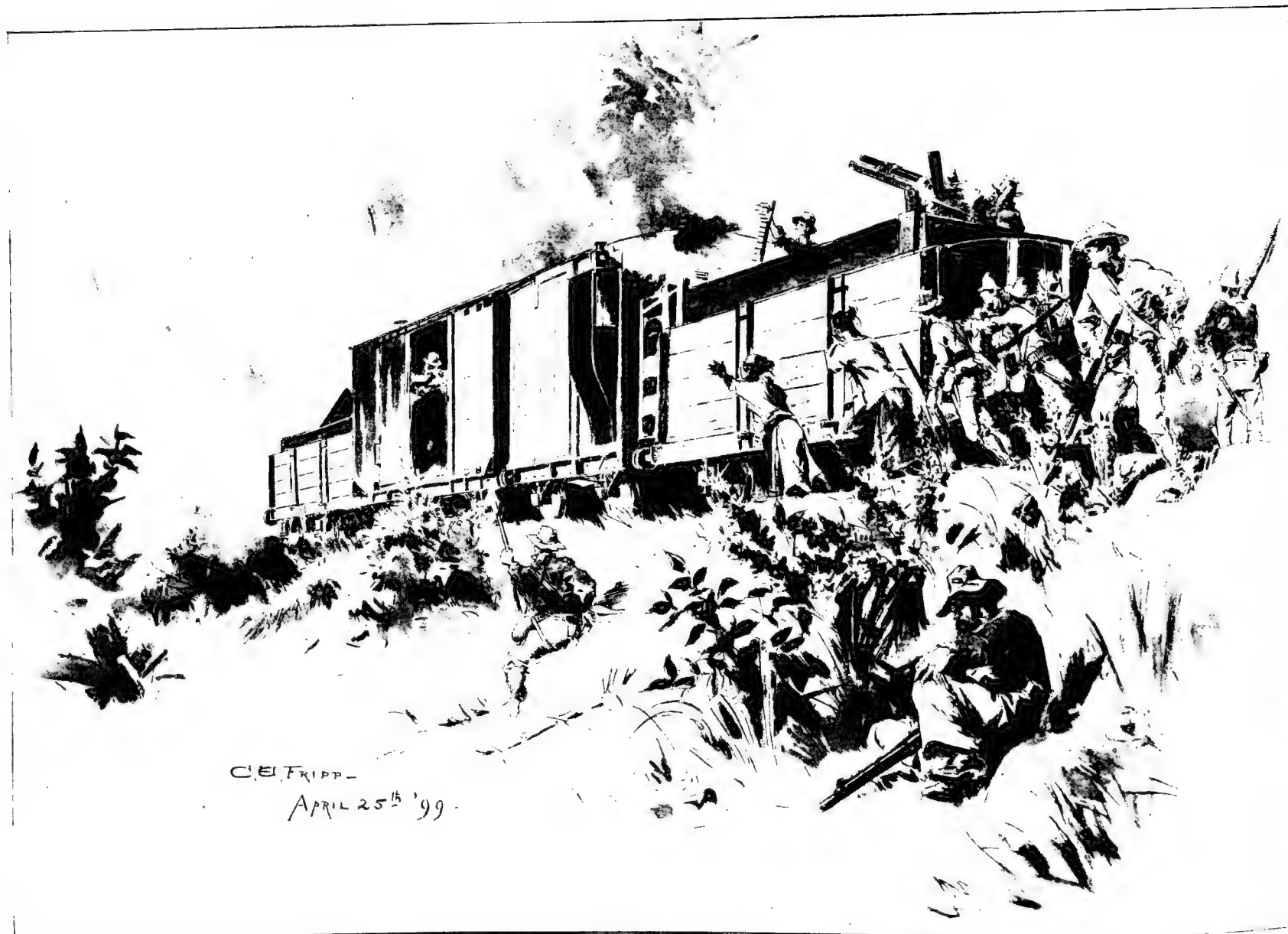
Weel, for the next two months I'd other matters to think about, and in the course of interviews I gave Debbs one or two marks to add to the collection on his face, and Debbs eased me of another tooth. But when we got back to Freetown again, the Quah *ju-ju* held a prominent place. The Sarry Leone papers were full of it. How the thing had got into the colony they couldn't tell; but there it was; and the bush towns were alight with fetish worship; and sacrifices were being made on every side; and the high priestess of the idol was no other than "our comely fellow-citizen, Laura Cameron, who has so unaccountably fallen away from civilisation, and gone back to the worst practices of barbarous savagery."

I tell ye it was an awful jolt for me. I'd had more liking for that lassie, coloured though she was, than I care to think about now.

Weel, weel.

But did I mention, I pouched yon fifty pound?

THE END

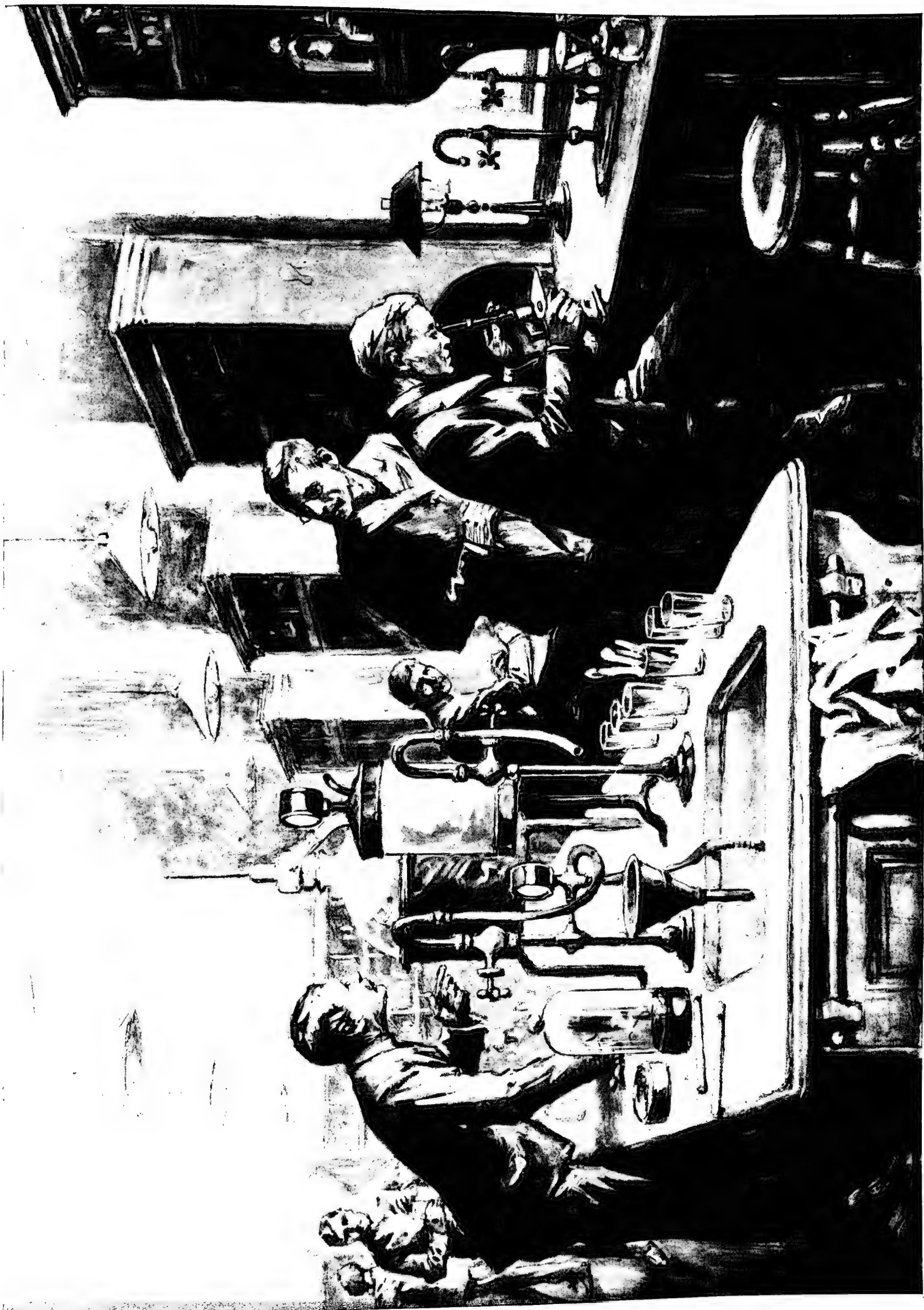


C. E. FRIPP

APRIL 25th '99

THE FIGHTING ON THE BAGBAG RIVER BEFORE CALUMPIT: AN ARMoured TRAIN IN ACTION
 WITH THE AMERICAN TROOPS IN THE PHILIPPINES

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP



A SKETCH IN A LABORATORY: PROFESSOR BOYCE AND PROFESSOR SHERRINGTON EXAMINING MALARIAL MICROBES
THE RECENTLY OPENED TROPICAL DISEASES SCHOOL AT LIVERPOOL
DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD



MAJOR ROSS, I.M.S.
Expert in Malarial Disease



THE LATE MR. AUGUSTIN DALY
Theatre Manager



THE LATE REV. W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D.
Oldest Graduate of Aberdeen



THE LATE CAPTAIN H. W. E. PARKER
Killed in West Africa



THE LATE MAJOR THE HON.
HARDINGE
Killed while riding in Hyde Park

The Treatment of Tropical Diseases

THE "White Man's Burden" can never be light, but it has been made more crushing than it need be by the white man's ignorance. Of all the various things that make up the load, the heaviest beyond all question is the deadliness of the climates in which it has to be borne. As Mr. Chamberlain truly said not long ago, the greatest enemy that has to be faced by our pioneers and administrators in tropical regions is not the hostility of savage chiefs nor the influence of barbarous customs, nor even the physical difficulties of countries in which primeval Nature still holds full sway; it is rather the insidious attacks of disease which weakens where it does not kill, and shortens the lives or spoils the careers of many of the ablest and most energetic of those who represent the Empire in those dependencies. And the worst of it is that the sacrifice is unnecessary, for there is every reason to believe that this most formidable of our enemies can be overcome, or at any rate to a large extent disabled. Since it has been proved that the cause of ninety-nine per cent. of tropical diseases is a living organism of one kind or another, the acclimatisation of white men in the tropics, which has hitherto been an empty dream, has become a fairly reasonable hope. The problem resolves itself into the discovery of efficient means of defence against the germs that breed disease. For this purpose a knowledge of the life history, habits and conditions of development of the parasite is required. When this has been gained, victory will be within our grasp.

For years Dr. Patrick Manson had urged upon the medical profession the vital importance, from a national as well as a scientific point of view, of greater attention being given to the study of tropical diseases. There was no provision for the teaching of the subject in the medical schools of the Kingdom. Year by year young doctors went out to tropical countries, knowing nothing of the diseases with which they would mostly have to deal in their new spheres of activity. Each of them had to buy his experience for himself, too often at a bitter cost. But Dr. Manson's voice was at last of one crying in the wilderness till he was appointed Medical Adviser to the Colonial Office. Mr. Chamberlain grasped the importance of the matter, and at once took steps to arouse the medical schools from their apathy. He sent a circular letter inviting them to make arrangements for giving special instruction in tropical diseases. But diseases to be known must be seen; their symptoms must be described, and the agents concerned in their production, and the processes to which they give rise must be studied with the microscope. This, of course, cannot be done without cases, and in most of our hospitals cases of tropical disease are conspicuous by their absence. To meet this difficulty it was decided to increase the accommodation at the Branch Hospital of the Seamen's Hospital Society, Victoria and Albert Docks, to fifty beds, which should always be filled with acute cases of tropical disease. It was further decided to establish in connection with the hospital a school in which candidates for the medical department of the Colonial Service, or officers on furlough, could receive special instruction in the technique of bacteriological investigation and in the details of new methods of treatment applicable to tropical diseases. Large sums of money have been subscribed by Government and by the public, and it is expected that the school will be ready for the reception of students in October next.

In the meantime, however, Liverpool, fired by generous rivalry, has founded a similar school, which was formally opened by Lord Lister on April 22, and which is already in active work. The establishment of this school is largely due to the initiative of Mr. A. L. Jones, who has been heartily supported by many of the foremost merchants of Liverpool. A leading part in the organisation of the school has been played by Professor Boyce. The school is admirably equipped, and Lord Lister declared that the arrangements made for the laboratories in which the investigations are to be conducted seemed to him eminently satisfactory. Among those on the staff at the school are Professors Boyce and Sherrington, who are shown in our illustration at work in one of the laboratories. In these laboratories will be studied, with all the resources of modern scientific research, the various scourges which form the greatest obstacle to the work of colonising the tropics. Of these the worst beyond all comparison is malaria, and the Liverpool School of Tropical Diseases is fortunate in having secured the services as teacher of a man who has done much to clear up the mystery of the origin of the

most deadly of diseases. Major Ross, of the Indian Medical Service, has, under the inspiration of Dr. Manson, made a series of brilliant researches, which have shown that the poison of malaria is conveyed by mosquitoes. Laveran had already proved that malaria is caused by a parasite which somehow gains an entrance into the human system, and increases and multiplies in the blood. The discovery that the parasite is introduced by the bite of the mosquito is one of incalculable importance, for it opens up the hope of a means of preventing the disease. Major Ross is confident that the consummation, so devoutly to be wished for, can be achieved. It is, at any rate, something to know exactly the enemy with which we have to deal. The new theory as to the origin of malaria gives a special appropriateness, probably undreamed of by the poet, to the lines on Africa:—

O, fierce, dark land, unconquered still,
Though doomed to our benes,
How long ere thou hast drunk thy fill
Of the blood of England's best?

Malaria is now being studied by a large number of highly trained observers, such as Laveran, Koch, Bignami, G.azzi, Marchiafava, Osler, besides our countrymen above mentioned. A school for the study of tropical diseases is about to be established in Hamburg: there is talk of one being founded in France. In view of the recent conquests the United States are finding it necessary to take steps in the same direction, and arrangements have been made for the establishment of a school at Baltimore. All this affords a well-grounded hope that tropical countries will in a measurable time be made habitable by the white man. Our portrait of Major Ross is by Harrington and Co.



THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE
NEW BARRACKS AT WINCHESTER
From a Photograph by H. W. Salmon, Winchester

Our Portraits

THE death of Mr. Augustin Daly, the well-known theatre manager, occurred very suddenly in Paris last week. He had just arrived there on the previous Saturday. Mr. Daly was born in 1838 at Plymouth, North Carolina. From 1859 to 1868 he was dramatic critic to various newspapers in New York. In 1868 he started upon his successful career as theatre manager at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and in 1887 he built Daly's Theatre in Broadway. There and in England his company, with Miss Ada Kelly, as leading lady, appeared in many of Shakespeare's plays. In 1883 Mr. Daly, pleased with the success of his company during its sojourn to London, opened a theatre for himself in Leicester Square—another Daly's Theatre. The playgoing public will miss Mr. Daly, who had much skill in arriving at what would please his audience. In 1889 he published a life of Peg Woffington, and was an able adapter of French and German plays. Our portrait is by Loss, Old Bond Street.

Major the Hon. Arthur Stewart Hardinge, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers, lost his life last week through being thrown from his horse. He had been riding in Hyde Park, when his horse tripped at the gate at Hyde Park Corner and fell, throwing its rider and rolling upon him. He was taken to a hospital, where it was found that he had sustained a fracture of the skull and other injuries from which he never recovered. Major Hardinge was a grandson of the first Viscount Hardinge, and a brother of the present peer. He was born in 1859, and after passing through Sandhurst, gained his commission in 1878. In the Zulu War of 1879, he served with the 21st Fusiliers, and was present at the battle of Ulundi. He also took part in the subsequent operations against Sekukuni, and received the medal and clasp. In 1881 he was promoted to be lieutenant, and in the following year served in the Boer War, being present at the defence of Pretoria as acting aide-de-camp to the Commander. Major Hardinge also went through the Transvaal Campaign of 1885-1887, for his services in which he received the medal and clasp and his promotion to captain. In the operations against the Jekes in 1888, he was twice wounded, was mentioned in despatches, and received the brevet of major and the third clasp. He was promoted to be major in 1890. Our portrait is by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Captain Henry Wykeham England Parker, who was killed when serving with the Royal Niger Corps troops, during some trouble with the natives on the River Benue, was an officer of much promise. He was about twenty-seven years of age, and joined the Welsh Borderers in January, 1892, obtaining a tenancy in 1893 and his captaincy in March 1895. He had been employed under the Royal Niger Company since January, 1896. He served in the Sudan Campaign under Major Arnold in 1897, took part in the expedition to Fegha and Fegha, which he received the medal and clasp. Our portrait is by C. Vandyk, Gloucester Road.

By the death of the Rev. William G. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D., the University of Aberdeen lost its oldest graduate. Professor Blaikie was the son of James Blaikie, at one time Lord Provost of Aberdeen, and was born in 1820. He was educated at the Grammar School and University, and graduated at the age of seventeen. In 1842 he was minister of Drumhale, but when the Disruption took place in 1843 he threw in his lot with Dr. Cairnes and left the National Church. He joined the Free Church congregation that was established in 1843, where for twenty-four years he ministered. In 1868 he was appointed to succeed Dr. Cairnes in the Chair of Homilies and Pastoral Theology in the Free Church New College, Edinburgh. He was succeeding twenty-nine years took a leading part in the Free Church movements in Scotland. He was a voluminous writer, and edited for many years the *Free Church Magazine*, the *Aberdeen Review*, the *Scotsman Magazine*, and the *Christian*. Among the best-known of his books are "Personal Life of David Livingstone" and "The Life of Working People." Our portrait is by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



ROYAL ASCOT: THE SCENE IN THE ENCLOSURE
DRAW BY EDWARD OLLIVER



THE LATE MR. LAWSON TAIT
The Eminent Surgeon



MR. R. PURUSHOTTOM PARANJPYE
Bracketed Senior Wrangler



MR. G. BIRTWISTLE
Bracketed Senior Wrangler



BARON FERNAND DE CHRISTIANI
Who assaulted President Loubet

The Senior Wranglers

THE mathematical tripos lists were issued at Cambridge University on Tuesday, and the honour of being Senior Wrangler is this year shared by an Englishman and a native of India—George Birtwistle, of Pembroke College, and Raghunath Purushottom Paranjpye, of St. John's College, being bracketed. George Birtwistle, who is twenty-two years of age, is the son of an ironmonger. He began his education at the Fulledge Wesleyan Day School at Burnley, and at the age of eleven won a scholarship at the Burnley Grammar School. By gaining further scholarships he secured free tuition for two years longer, and attained the highest honours in the school. While still a junior he secured a first-class in the Senior Cambridge Local Examination, and was first in all England in the junior division. The winning of two exhibitions enabled him to proceed to Owen's College, Manchester, where he had a long list of successes, notably in mathematics. In 1896 he became a Bachelor of Science, and won an entrance scholarship to Pembroke College, Cambridge. Here he secured the Beatson Scholarship of 80*l.* a year and other prizes.—Raghunath Purushottom Paranjpye, the other Senior Wrangler, is the son of Purushottom Keshaw Paranjpye, and was born at Murdi, district Ratnagiri, India, in February, 1876. He was educated at Fergusson College, Poona, and Bombay University. He gained the Government of India Scholarship at Bombay in 1896, and, upon entering St. John's College, Cambridge, in October of the same year, soon gained a Foundation Scholarship. Our portrait of Mr. Birtwistle is by Swift and Wilkinson, Cambridge, and that of Mr. Purushottom Paranjpye is by W. Butcher, Cambridge.

The Late Mr. Lawson Tait

MR. LAWSON TAIT, the eminent Birmingham surgeon, who died on Tuesday, was the son of Mr. Archibald Campbell Tait, of Dryden, and was born on May 1, 1845. He was educated at Heriot's Hospital and Edinburgh University. From 1867 to 1870 he was house surgeon to Wakefield Hospital. In 1871 he became surgeon to the Birmingham Hospital for Women. Devoting himself to abdominal surgery he brought into existence a number of new operations, and perfected many others for diseases of that part of the body. He wrote several essays dealing with his special subjects, and received in 1873 the Hastings Gold Medal from the British Medical Association for some of them. In 1890 he was Cullen and Liston Triennial Prizeman. Mr. Tait's books on his special kind of surgery are well known. In spite of the pressure of his professional duties, Mr. Tait found time to take an interest in municipal life in Birmingham, and was a member of the Town Council from 1875 to 1885. In 1886 he stood as a Gladstonian candidate in the Bordesley Division of Birmingham against Mr. Jesse Collings, but was defeated by a large majority. Three years ago Mr. Tait relinquished a portion of his practice, and built himself a house at Llandudno, where he became a member of the Town Improvement Association. Our portrait is by J. Collier, Birmingham.

Baron Fernand de Christiani

BARON ISIDORE FERNAUD CHEVREAU de Christiani, who was arrested for assaulting President Loubet at the Auteuil steeplechases on the Sunday before last, has been brought before the Tenth Chamber of the Correctional Court in Paris, and has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment. The magistrates held that there was premeditation, and that the President on such an occasion invited as Chief Magistrate, and surrounded by Ministers and Ambassadors, was a magistrate in the exercise of his functions; they consequently made the punishment severe. The minimum penalty is two, and the maximum five years' imprisonment. Baron Fernand de Christiani is thirty-three years of age and well known in Paris Society.

The Martyrs' Memorial at Canterbury

THE Kent Martyrs' Memorial—of which we give an illustration—

was unveiled at Canterbury by Lord G. Hamilton on Saturday last, June 10. It consists of a fine obelisk and massive base raised upon a mound of rockwork and surmounted by a cross, the form of which was taken from an ancient example, in gold, found at Canterbury thirty or forty years ago. The monument is thirty-six feet in total height, and has been executed in Cornish granite by Messrs. John Whitehead and Sons, Limited, of Westminster and Aberdeen. The following inscription has been placed upon the base:—

IN MEMORY OF
FORTY-ONE KENTISH MARTYRS
WHO WERE
BURNT AT THE STAKE ON THIS SPOT
IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN MARY
A.D. 1555-1558.
FOR THEMSELVES THEY EARNED THE MARTYR'S CROWN
BY THEIR HEROIC FIDELITY THEY HELPED TO SECURE
FOR SUCCEEDING GENERATIONS THE PRICELESS BLESSING
OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM.
"PRECIOUS IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD IS THE DEATH OF HIS SAINTS"

On the right side is the following list of names:—John Bland (Vicar

of Adisham), John Frankesh (Vicar of Rolvenden), John Sheterden, Humphrey Middleton, William Coker, William P. H. Lawrence, Richard Collier, Richard Wright, William George Cotner, Robert Streater, Anthony Burward, George Broadbridge, James Tutty, John Webbe, George Roper, John Parke, John Lomas, Agnes Snoth, Anne Albright.

On the left side are the names of the rest of the martyrs:—John Sole, Joan Catmer, William Waterer, John Kempe, William Hay, Thomas Hudson, William Lowick, John Prowting, John Fishcock, Nicholas White, Nicholas P. Barbara Final, Bradbridge's Widow, Wilson's Wife, Alice John Cornford, Christopher Browne, John Herst, Alice Katherine Knight.

On the back of the base is the following inscription:—

THIS SITE WAS GIVEN,
THE SURROUNDING LAND WAS PURCHASED
AND THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED BY
PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION
A.D. 1899.
"LEST WE FORGET."

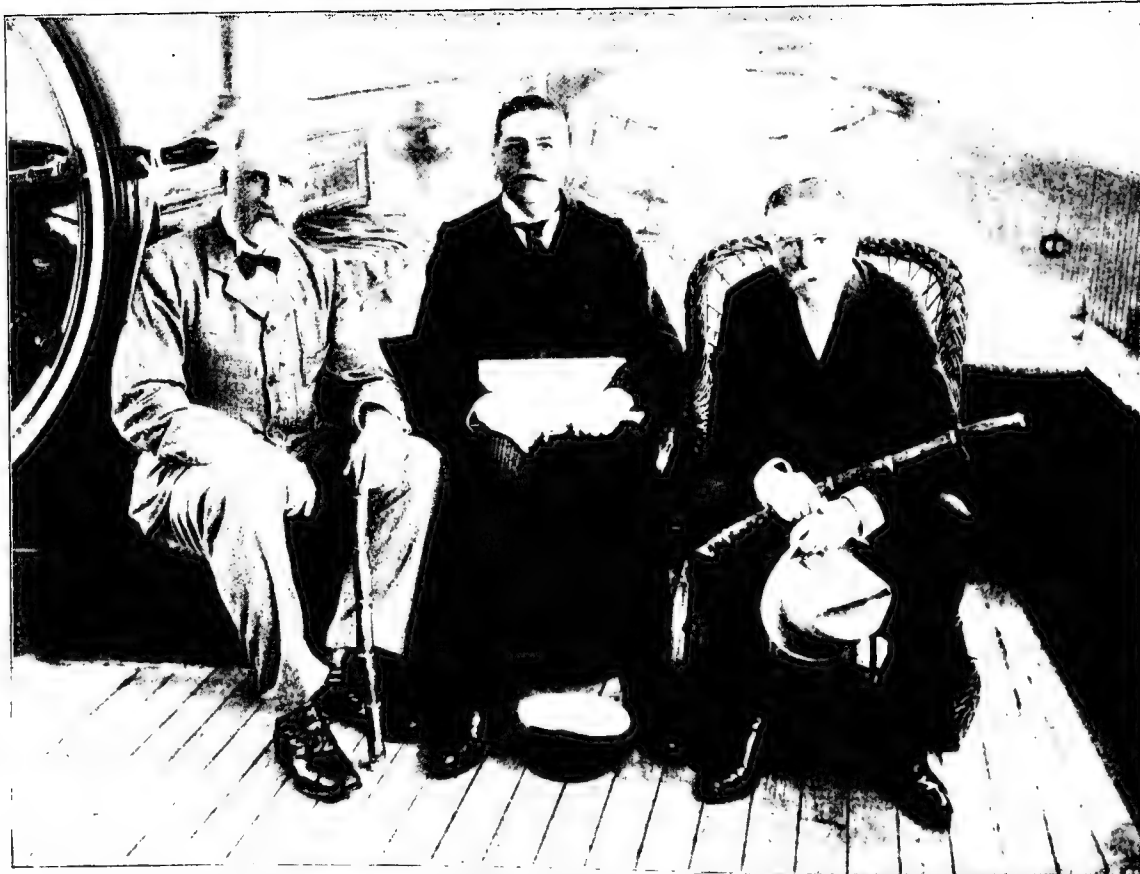
M. PADEREWSKI's absence from the Philharmonic Concert on June 1 was attributed to the illness of his son, and considerable sympathy was accordingly expressed. Happily that sympathy was wasted, for the great pianist was upon a far more agreeable errand. On May 31 he was, in fact, married at the church of the Holy Spirit at Warsaw by the Dean, R. P. Chelmicki, to Madame Helen Rosen. The marriage, although not a private one, for it was attended by the intimate friends of both parties, was not announced for ten days afterwards, as the couple very naturally desired to pass their honeymoon in privacy at Morges, on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, where M. Paderewski possesses a villa, and where also his invalid son, now a young man of nineteen, has for some time resided.

SWISS WAYS AND CUSTOMS are not quite so free as might be expected of a Republic. The very paternal Government will not allow a child to be given a name which is strange and unknown to the authorities. Thus, to the great disgust of an American doctor staying at Zurich, the local powers flatly refused to register his baby by the name of "Dewey"—which he had intended as a tribute compliment to the victorious Admiral—declaring that "Dewey" was not a name used in any of the three languages spoken in Switzerland—French, German, and Italian.

We have received a useful little publication giving full particulars of the general system of ticket system recently introduced into Switzerland, together with a map showing the lines on which these tickets are available. The card, which is printed in three languages, is issued by the *de Renseignements* at

THE CITY ORPHAN ASYLUM. — A sum of *£*100 is required for the foundation of a new bed in this hospital, a free institution of the City of London, and the "Nurses' Hall" are giving 100 mances of *Donkey* at the Hall on June 16, 17, and 18, the proceeds of which are devoted to this purpose. The price 10*s.* 6*d.* may be obtained from Mr. G. Dudley, 10 Old Broad Street, E.C.4.

THE ROYAL LONDON OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL. — A new building of this hospital, in the City Road, is to be opened on the 27th inst. The General Management has issued an appeal for funds to carry on the work of the hospital, which is the oldest eye hospital in the world, the number of patients annually having increased last fifteen years from 27,029.



Mr. Abel

Sir Cuthbert Quilter, M.P.

Sir Neville Lubbock, K.C.M.G.

The report of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, M.P., who with Sir Neville Lubbock recently visited the West Indies to inquire into the industrial prospects of those islands, has been issued. He says that in certain of the islands there is a strong conviction that the critical condition of the sugar industry is due mainly to the neglect of the British Government in the past, and that the idea of annexation by the United States is slowly and silently growing. Our illustration, which is from a photograph, shows the two Commissioners on the yacht *Maria*, which was chartered for the trip. With them is Mr. Abel, the General Manager of one of the largest and most successful factories in the West Indies.

THE WEST INDIAN SUGAR COMMISSION: THE COMMISSIONERS ON BOARD THE YACHT "MARIA"



FROM A SKETCH BY P. DESTIEZ

THE SCENE ON THE COURSE WHEN THE GRAND PRIX DE PARIS WAS RUN BEFORE PRESIDENT LOUBET
EVENTS IN PARIS: MILITARY PRECAUTIONS AT LONGCHAMPS RACES

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

Lady Hamlets

By W. MOY THOMAS

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT's determination to appear both in Paris and in London in the character of Hamlet in a French version of Shakespeare's tragedy, specially prepared for her by MM. Morand and Schwob, was probably suggested to her by the success of her recent impersonation of Alfred de Musset's Lorenzaccio—a character which has much in common with the young Prince of Denmark. Much curiosity has been excited by this daring experiment at the Adelphi; but a lady Hamlet is certainly not a phenomenon without precedent on the English stage. Another Sarah, and a no less famous actress than herself—the great Mrs. Siddons, occasionally donned the inky cloak and customary suit of solemn black and appeared in this part. She played it certainly in the old theatres in Bath and Bristol—then the most distinguished of all the provincial playhouses. So much, indeed, we learn from the Rev. Mr. Genest, the Bath clergyman, whose vast and unrivalled collection of playbills enabled him to furnish us with a precise date—June 27, 1781. It was in the version of the tragedy by Garrick and Lee, and we know that one of her sisters, described in the bill as "Miss Kemble," enacted on the same occasion the part of Queen. The performance was, it seems, repeated in Bath, though never before a London audience, and, strangely enough, Mrs. Siddons' biographers, James Boaden and Thomas Campbell, the poet, are silent about an episode in their heroine's career which was certainly curious and interesting. Queen Gertrude she had often played. What were the motives of the great tragedienne for donning the doublet and hose in spite of her well-known aversion to male attire, thus challenging comparisons with Garrick and Henderson, whose impersonations of the Prince of Denmark were familiar to Bath audiences? Whatever they may have been it must be assumed that the venture was not particularly successful. No portrait of her in the character has ever been seen, and all the information that has come down to us on the subject is that she wore "a black-fringed cloak draped about her like a lady's shawl," and that the general effect was that of "a burly ill-formed man."

Youth at least was on her side; for Sarah Siddons at that time had not completed her twenty-sixth year. But the truth is that she had played Hamlet some years before the Bath and Bristol experiment. There is extant a letter of hers to her friend Mrs. Inchbald, the dramatist, written in 1776, in which she says "I played Hamlet in Liverpool to near a hundred pounds." It also appears that at Manchester in the following year the Prince of Denmark was one of her most applauded characters. Still, though she acted it in Dublin, she could never be prevailed to do so in London, an evident indication that she was not well satisfied with this only attempt of hers to play a male Shakespearean character. What her Hamlet was like it is not difficult to conjecture. It would hardly have satisfied these times, which have grown accustomed to a less stately—I had almost said a more free and easy—young Prince of Denmark than



MISS JANETTE STEER AS HAMLET
From a Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street

playgoers of the Garrick and Kemble era were wont to expect. The soliloquies, or so much of them as Garrick and his coadjutor's rash tamperings had left, were, we may be assured, finely rendered, and

the great outbursts of passion—above all in the scenes with the ghost—doubtless thrilled the spectators in no slight degree. But lightness and flexibility must have been something lacking. The playful irony, the dignified courtesy, and the gentlemanly melancholy which pertain to the character were certainly less in her way than that depth of tragic intensity for which the character affords comparatively few opportunities.

But these later times have not been without examples of lady Hamlets. Miss Alice Marriott, an actress of some note, who played an important part in the version of Dickens' *Two Cities* at the LYCEUM, has enacted this part during the last thirty years or so in town and country many hundreds of times. This fact in itself sufficiently attests the popularity of Miss Marriott's impersonation; but it seems that her assumption of the character was originally rather a matter of accident than deliberate intention. It was her husband, the late Mr. Robert Edgar—well known as the manager for a considerable time of SADLER'S WELLS—who suggested to her to play the young Prince of Denmark in a single scene from the tragedy at her benefit, in the hope that the novelty of the idea—for we had then never before seen a lady Hamlet since Mrs. Siddons—would attract attention. But as the actress studied the scene she grew more and more of the part, and determined to play it in its entirety. She first made appeal to the sympathies of a London audience; but she played the part later at the Olympic, and there it took its place in the repertory of her travelling company. The performance was praised by Mr. John Addington Symonds for its poetical grace and distinction. Miss Marriott has the advantage of being an excellent elocutionist, and she added to this considerable skill in fencing. It would have been well for her if other Shakespearean performers of her time had been equally careful to acquire this indispensable accompaniment. Unfortunately, when she was performing at Newmarket some years ago, a rather clumsy Laertes in the final scene made a false thrust with an unlabeled foil, inflicting upon her a severe wound in the foot, which temporarily incapacitated her from playing. We give a portrait of Miss Marriott in the grand scene.

Some years later Miss Marriott's example was followed by another actress, Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer—once known as Miss Milly Palmer, who has played Hamlet in the country, and also not very long since in some suburban theatres. Her performance, which has been repeated in the country very lately, was spirited, and gave evidence of an independent and careful study of the text. Aided, moreover, by a good voice and handsome presence it won favour. In a more useful way the part of the young Prince of Denmark has been played by Miss Julia Seaman, an actress who has enjoyed some success in a wide variety of parts. More recently we have had a lady Hamlet in the person of Miss Janette Steer, who is reported to have given great satisfaction to country and suburban audiences in this arduous part. Here I ought to note that the American stage has also its lady Hamlets in the persons of Mrs. Hamblin and Mrs. Shaw, who have played the part in all the great cities of the United States with a success which has been handsomely acknowledged by the newspaper and magazine critics.



MRS. BANDMANN-PALMER (MISS MILLY PALMER) AS HAMLET



MISS ALICE MARRIOTT AS HAMLET

*The Dorsets as Mountain Climbers**Afridis fighting in Native Fashion**A Mixed Company with the Heliograph**Cavalry Scouts**Adding Realism to the Battle: Afridis stoning the Attacking Party**"Umbrella Peak"*

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"The hill manoeuvres at Attock this year have afforded excellent lessons in mountain warfare for the troops engaged, and the sham fights were often as nearly like the real thing as they could be. In some of these fights the enemy were represented by men of Afridi regiments in their native clothes, and they fought in native fashion, hiding and dashing from point to point among the heights, and firing on the troops as they moved along the gullies. Occasionally they made determined charges on to the rear guard or outlying parties, with their drums beating and with their pipes screeching, their banners waving, and the men yelling their war cries. Once, the Afridis in defending a height became so excited that, on the near

approach of the attacking party to their position, they hurled stones at them. In one instance, a fiery little Ghoorka was knocked over by one of these missiles. As soon as he had picked himself up, he dashed forward from the ranks, and, drawing his 'kookri'—a big broad-bladed, curved knife—was going for the enemy, when he was stopped by an officer. The other troops engaged in the manoeuvres were of every type, and comprised Sikhs, Pathans, Ghoorkas, Highlanders, British infantry, mountain artillery, sappers, and a few native cavalry and half a dozen British cavalry scouts working on foot. Light companies were organised, and the British soldiers, after a little training, were as good as the natives over the mountains. The Dorsets especially were first-rate mountain climbers, and their flag with the skull and cross-bones was constantly to be seen flying from a rocky summit.

Much has been done to improve the equipment of the men, but the officers and the mountain battery gunners still wear swords, and find them very much in the way. A good revolver would be much more useful and less cumbersome. The few trained cavalry scouts who were employed had to hide themselves in good look-out places and signal to the main body all information regarding the strength and movements of the enemy. In a 'rukhsack' they carried on their backs sufficient food and clothing to enable them to lie out by night, as well as by day, watching the enemy. One of the mountain peaks became known among the signallers of the troops as 'Umbrella Peak,' because a white umbrella was conspicuous on its summit. This belonged to Lady Palmer, who accompanied Sir Power Palmer in his superintendence of the manoeuvres."

The letters printed in works on the life of Nelson notably those by Sir H. Nicolas and by Pettigrew, declared by Mrs. Gamlin to have been wilfully altered, either by using words that Nelson never used or omitting others he did, with result that in many cases the meaning of the sentences has been completely changed. The fresh evidence produced by the author of this book goes far to prove that the friendship that existed between Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton was purely platonic. That Nelson was particular about living with her only for a few days, and his fair friend, the following letter, dated 1801, will show. He says: "I wish I could see

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Tristram has become acutely conscious that not even a seat in the House of Commons is worth the trouble of holding up a finger for. Possibly as many people go through the phase, at one age or another, as through a course of whooping cough and measles. Tristram, however, never ceases to be the kindest of cynics, or rather the most chivalrous, inasmuch as he refrains from making love to a charming girl whom he might have for the asking solely for fear of spoiling the joy of youth for her by mating it with his imaginary indifference to life and all that men live for. In contrast to his theoretical cynicism and real unselfishness we have a truly delightful study of theoretical altruism and intense self-seeking in the person of Mrs. Norham and the little clique of fad-mongers, who attempt the establishment of Startfield Hall, whence the millennial light of a religion of humanity is to radiate from Bloomsbury to the circumference of the world. Mr. Mallock is careful to warn his readers that his Mrs. Norham is a type—not a portrait, as appears to have been ill-naturedly suggested. In any case she, and her exceedingly queer circle, with their vanities, their egotisms, their jealousies, and all their other illustrations of what they desire to abolish from the world, make very good sport indeed.

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Miss Lois Cayley is a young woman well worth knowing; and her very unconventional "Adventures" (Grant Richards), as she tells them through the medium of Mr. Grant Allen, are fresher and more entertaining than anything of the sort we have come across for a long time. Indeed her high spirits are contagious: and one sympathises from beginning to end with an adventuress (for she is certainly that) whose ready wit is never at a loss for a resource under the most trying conditions, who obviously—and naturally—fascinates all who come in her way, and yet never seems to be giving herself airs. Her experience of tiger-shooting deserves to be bracketed with Mr. Winkle's success as a sportsman nearer home. A thread of story serves to connect a series of episodes which may be read separately if the reader pleases. But he is not very likely to read one without reading all.

"THE GAME AND THE CANDLE"

Miss Rhoda Broughton inevitably suffers from the swarm of imitators who have brought into disrepute the first person in the present tense, and similar mannerisms which were piquant enough when she first employed them. In the matter of boldness of plot, moreover, she has been so far outstripped as to have become relegated to a place among writers for the "young person"—of to-day. In any case, however, the quiet love story of Jane Etheredge, told under the title of "The Game and the Candle" (Macmillan and Co.), could never have proved startling. It simply tells how a young widow sacrificed fortune rather than promise her dying husband not to marry the man whom he knew she loved; and how the latter's inconstancy—whether real or only apparent or temporary does not clearly appear—proved to her completely the "candle" had been wasted on the "game." But there is no actual breaking of hearts, to mar the pleasure which flows as naturally as the First Person Present from Miss Broughton's pen.

A NEW NOVEL BY LEVER

The publishers (Downey and Co.) of "Gerald Fitzgerald the Chevalier" state their inability to discover any adequate reason for Charles Lever's omission of it shortly before his death, from a collected edition of his novels. The same inability seems to have



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White muslin with insertion and lace over pale yellow silk. Tulle of white tulle with deep purple and pale yellow flowers.

been shared by his daughter, who was assisting him in the preparation of the collection. She was quite unable to account for the exclusion of "Gerald Fitzgerald" from the company of "Hugh Lorrequer," "Tom Burke" and "Charles O'Malley." In a sense the novel may be regarded as historical, inasmuch as its hero, an Irish founding brought up in a Jesuit seminary in Rome, is, in reality, the legitimate son of Charles Edward Stuart, and comes to be recognised by the diminishing group of Jacobite exiles as their rightful King. This, however, is not essential to a series of unconnected and inconsequent adventures narrated in a style reminding one rather of Bulwer at his worst than of Lever at any degree.

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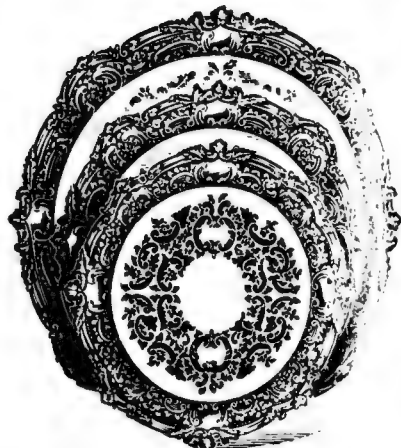
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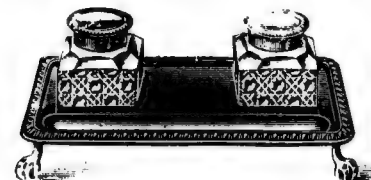
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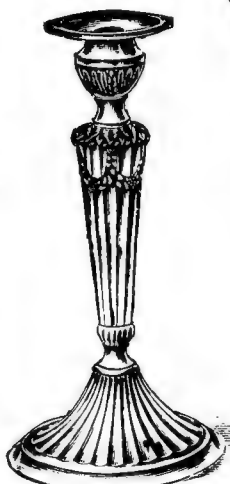
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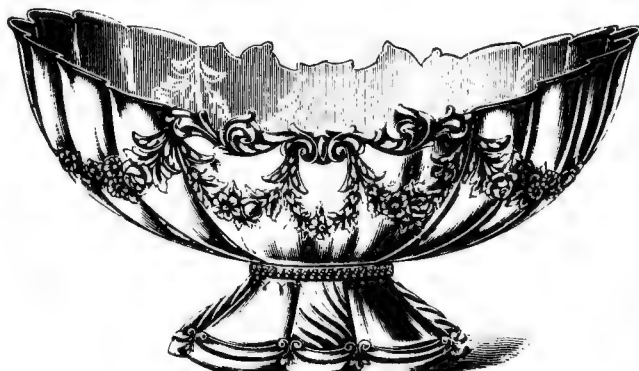
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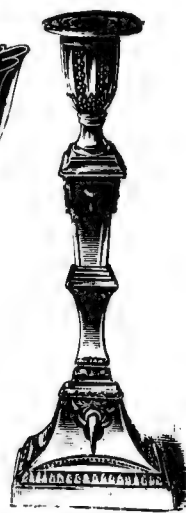
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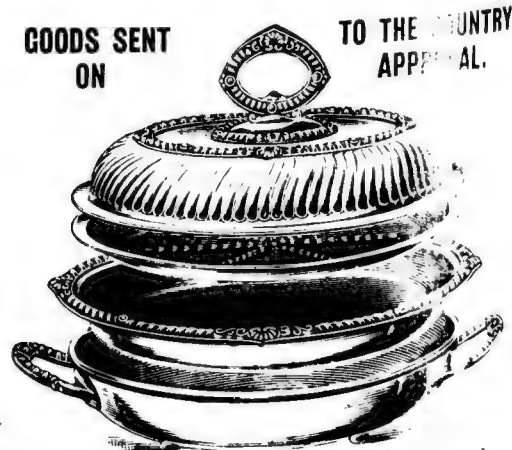
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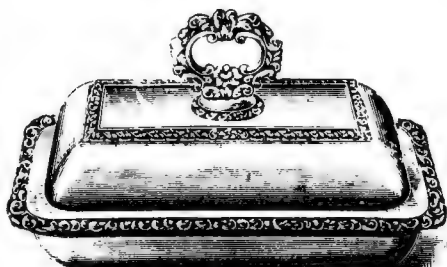


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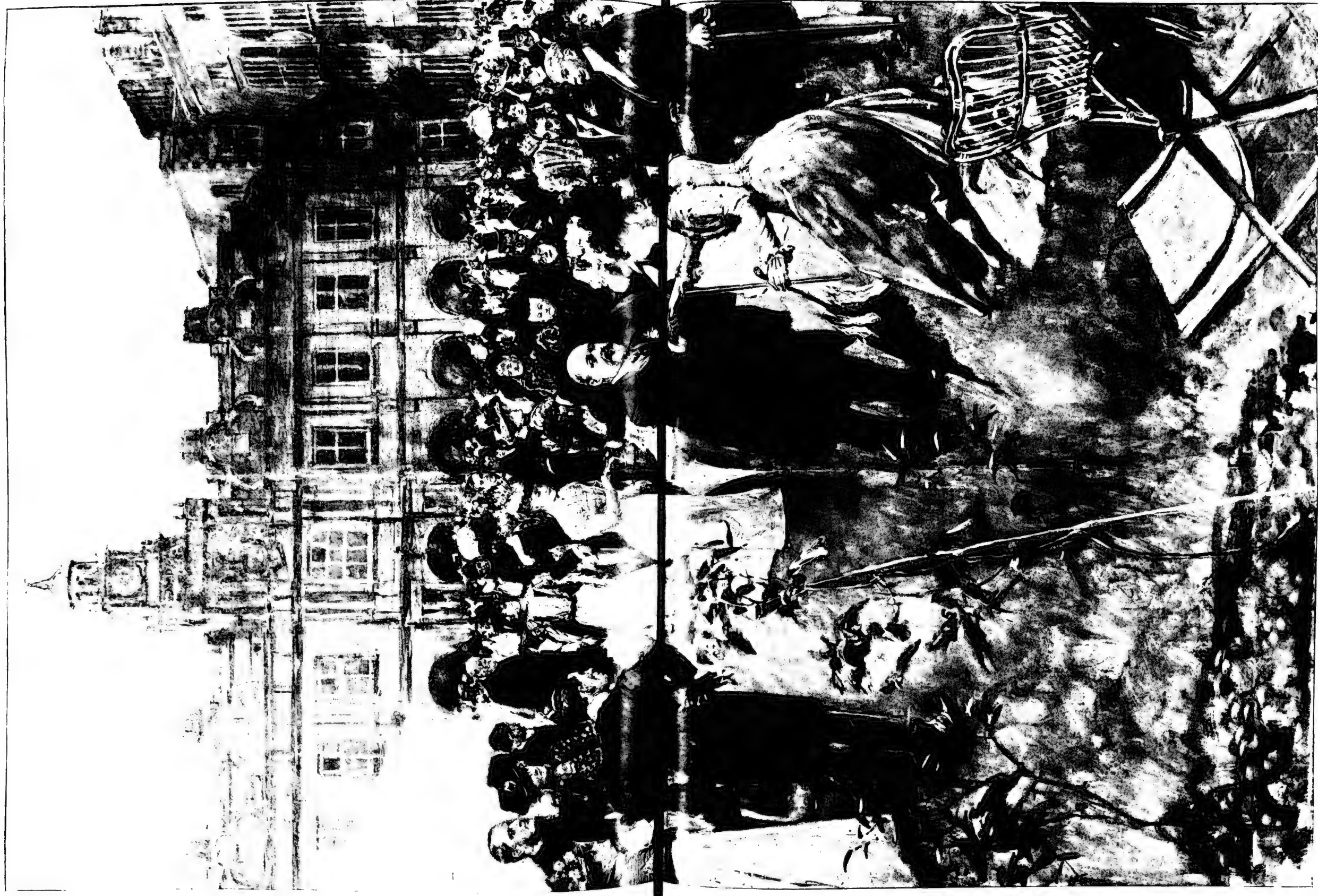
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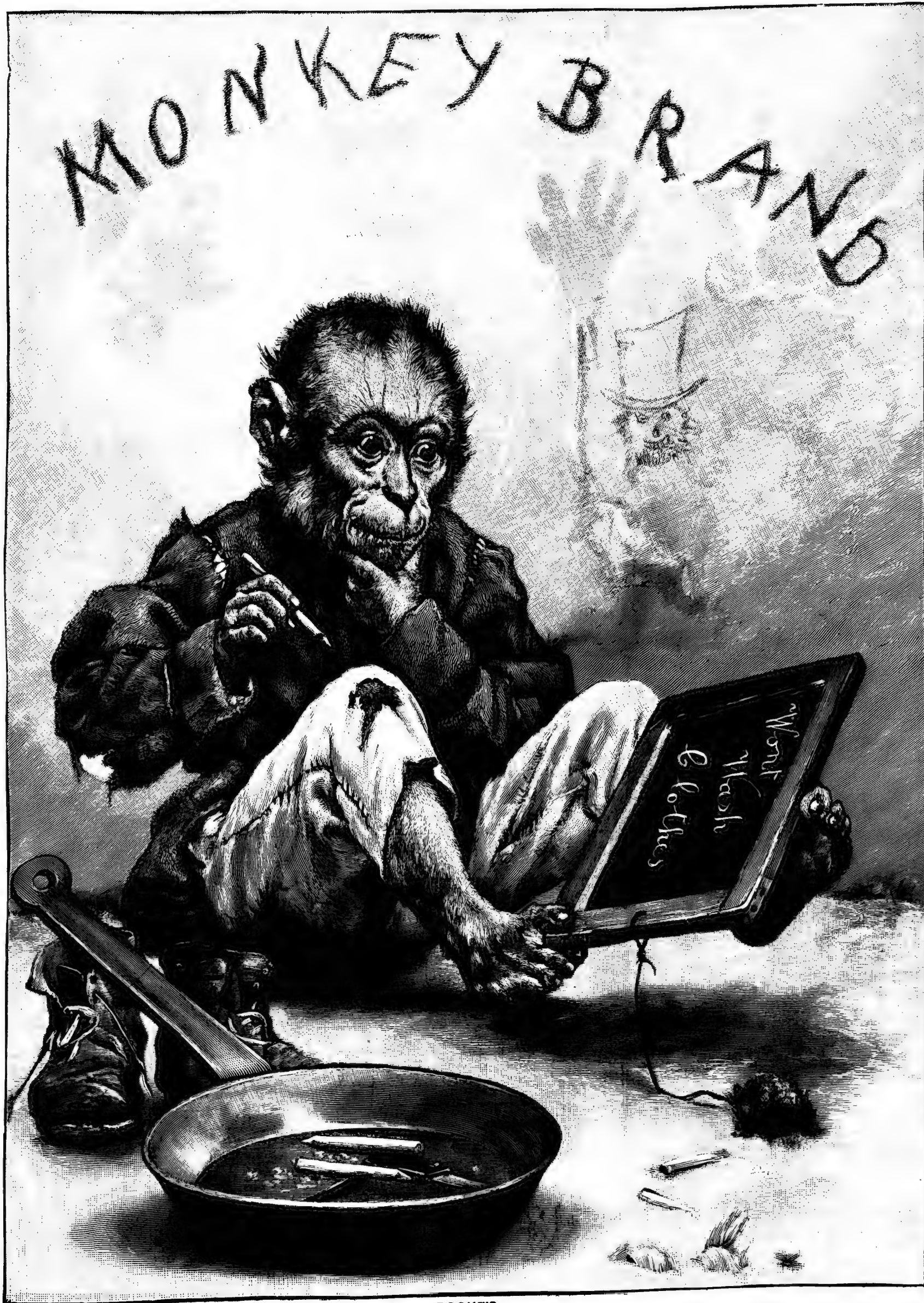
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Club Comments

By "MARMADUKE"

"Will there be war?" The question is repeated with tiresome frequency. "Lord Kitchener has been recalled to be in readiness," say the ingenious. The diplomatists smile at this irresponsible chatter, and so do those who are in intimate touch with the Ministers. If there are grievances so also is there an agitation, and the Government is well advised upon both these matters and may be expected to strike a line which will divide both fairly. War with the Transvaal is not to be entered upon with a light heart, for it may involve the whole of Africa, and apart from other considerations would mean the destruction of property valued at millions of money, and the depreciation of stocks and shares to many millions below the prices at which they are now quoted.

Early in February next Lord Salisbury will attain his seventieth year, and it is to be assumed that after that he will not long retard his retirement from public life. This forecast probably originated the report that the Government contemplates appealing to the country in the near future, a very unsupported rumour. That Lord Salisbury may soon resign the appointment of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which he holds as well as the Premiership, is possible, for the duties of the former post have recently become very arduous. As Premier, however, he would still control the Foreign policy of the Government, and his constitution would not have to endure the strain to which it is now subjected.

The death of Johann Strauss is being very generally mourned. "The Waltz King," as he was called, had the creative faculty very strongly developed in his own department, and in these days of revivals, reprints, reproductions, and renovations the world can ill afford to lose a creative intelligence. It is the subject of conversation at almost every dinner-table, in every drawing-room, and at every club that there are now no new waltzes, polkas, or gallops, that there are exceptionally few, if any, songs which attain general popularity, that even in the matter of comic songs we seem to have entered upon a period of stagnation.

It is only a quarter of a century ago that Offenbach, Lecocq, Hervé, Dan Godfrey, Charles Godfrey, and many more were flooding the world with popular music. Where are favourite airs of the calibre of "Juanita," by Caroline Norton; "Ay Chiquita," "Mandolinata," "Beware," by Mr. Moulton, the father-in-law of Count Deym, the German Ambassador; "Colinette," "Thady O'Flynn," by James Molloy? By the way, what is it that has caused so successful a composer as James Molloy to be so long inactive? If creation is for the moment impracticable, why not revive those admirable songs, and why not repeat such favourite comic songs as "Champagne Charlie," "Pretty Polly Perkins," "After the Opera is Over," "Kafoozelum," "Up in a Balloon," "Not for Joseph," "The Perfect Cure," "Act on the

Square," "Slap Bang," "Cheer up, Sam," "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and "The Galloping Snob of Rotten Row"?

Every topical song, of course, has its history, and a less entertaining book might be written than "The Comic Songs of the Century." "The Galloping Snob" had its origin in an inexperienced or unfortunate rider overturning the Prince of Wales in the Row. This was over a quarter of a century ago, but the legend still survives. "Act on the Square, Girls," was a public protest against the false "chignon" which it was the fashion at the moment for women to wear. "The March of the Mulligan Guards" was an irresistible skit on an Irish regiment in New York. "The Idol of the Day" and "Par Excellence" are both associated with the youth of the Prince of Wales when he, the late Duke of Hamilton and Lord Carrington were enjoying their youth in every gay haunt in Europe. "Would you be Surprised to Hear?" was aimed at the late Lord Coleridge, who prefaced many of his questions in the Tichborne trial with the query.

The Royal Institution of Great Britain celebrated last week the hundredth anniversary of its foundation. The career of the founder is one of the most curious in history, and it has scarcely been touched by those who either spoke or wrote on the occasion. Benjamin Thompson, the son of an American farmer, was born in 1753. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a general dealer at Salem, and his master had much cause to complain of him, for the apprentice neglected his duties, and spent most of his time in learning the elements of science, teaching them to his young companions, and drawing caricatures of the most prominent persons in the neighbourhood. At the age of twenty he attracted the attention of a woman who had some position and more money, and married her.

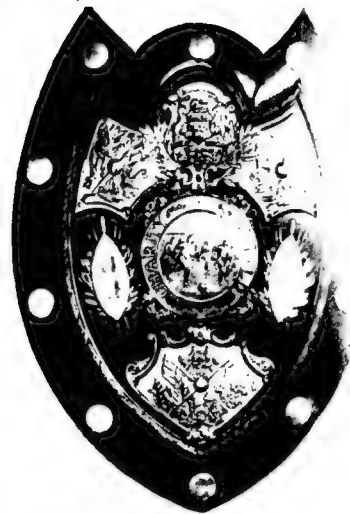
Shortly after this the War of Independence broke out, and Benjamin Thompson elected to side with the English. This compelled him to leave the country, and he is next heard of in London, where he is employed by Lord George Germain in the office of the Secretary of State, and he is appointed a year later Under-Secretary of State for the Northern Department. That is a singularly important office to confer upon a youth of twenty-seven, the son of an obscure American farmer! The following year Thompson returns to Carolina in the capacity of Commander-in-Chief of the British Cavalry under Sir Henry Clinton!

It is unnecessary to mention every stage of this curious career. At a later period Benjamin Thompson retired from the service, and was despatched to Bavaria as British Ambassador to that Court. Here he soon became the right-hand man of the King of Bavaria, developed into a vigorous reformer, made his mark as an apostle of science, was appointed Chief of the Bavarian War Department, and obtained the friendship of half the Sovereigns of Europe! He was now one of the most talked-of men of the day, was knighted by George III., was created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire under the style and title of Count Rumford, was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of almost every important learned society and academy in Europe.

The scene changes, and Sir Benjamin Thompson re-appears in London, living at 45, Brompton Road—now 166—a house in which he establishes strange desks and secret cupboards which are hidden in the walls! Meanwhile, his omnivorous energy has found an outlet, for he is actively engaged in founding the Royal Institution of Great Britain! It is curious that though this American rose so rapidly, held in succession so many, such varied and important appointments, and was so powerful an influence on the side of modern progress and science when these were in their infancy, posterity practically ignores him. His memory survives as that of an adventurer, an enthusiast, and an experimentalist!

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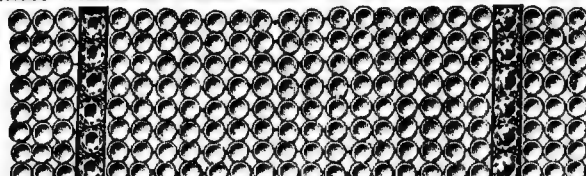
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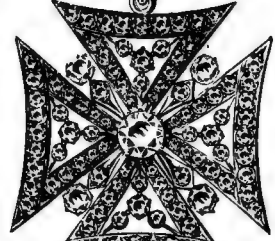
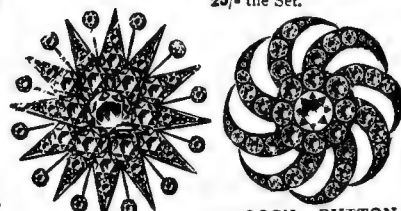
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The Opera Season

M. JEAN DE RESZKÉ is now convalescent again, and, although he wisely has decided not again just yet to attempt the arduous parts in advanced Wagner operas, he at any rate is still down to play next Saturday night the rôle of Lohengrin, with, for the first time this season, his brother Edouard de Reszké as the King, Madame Nordica as Elsa, and Madame Lilli Lehmann as Ortrud. On Tuesday, however, he made his first appearance in public for about ten days, singing his old part of Faust, this being the only non-Wagnerian character which he has attempted since the Diamond Jubilee of 1897. The "Combination" cast, which at one time was promised, did not, however, come off, for, instead of Madame Melba as Marguerite that rôle was played by Madame Suzanne Adams, M. Edouard de Reszké being the Mephistopheles.

Don Giovanni was the principal revival of last week, and although the cast was by no means a phenomenal one, it was at any rate more than equal to the average. This was especially the case in regard to the ladies, for although Miss Zélie de Lussan was by no means in good voice, yet she sang with taste, and played the rôle of Zerlina with much archness and vivacity. Madame Nordica resumed her old part of Donna Elvira, a character which was first brought into special prominence by Madame Christine Nilsson. Madame Nordica gave the fullest effect to the great song of Elvira, and besides acting with dramatic force she did her share in the Trio of Masks very well. The best performance, however, was the Donna Anna of Madame Lilli Lehmann. The part has not been sung or acted better since the days of Titiens, whom in style



The death, at Kiel, of the Plattdeutsch, or Low German, poet, Professor Klaus Groth, in his eighty-first year, aroused much sympathy, and at the funeral a very large number of handsome wreaths were placed upon the grave. The Professor's reputation was made in 1852 when his "Quickborn," a collection of poems in the dialect of the Dithmarshes, restored Plattdeutsch to the dignity of a literary medium, and won for him widespread popularity, followed by more substantial rewards, including a professorship of the German language at Kiel. Together with Fritz Reuter, Professor Klaus Groth was the leading promoter of the revival of Plattdeutsch literature in the second half of the present century. Our Photograph is by Hans Breuer, Hamburg

A POET'S GRAVE

this accomplished lady so closely resembles, although her voice is in much better order than the present generation, at any rate, ever

Heglon, and M. Renaud in the principal parts. Five weeks hence the season will come to an end.

heard Titiens herself. M. Salignac was rather a tame Don Ottavio and one of the songs usually allotted to the part was omitted. The Don was a newcomer, Signor Scotti, a gentleman who, despite his name, is a Neapolitan by birth and education, and who during the last season has won considerable success at La Scala, Milan. Without being a polished exponent of the Spanish nobleman he played the rôle with due spirit and sang the music well. Indeed, Mozart's serious masterpiece has not been better treated at Covent Garden for a good many years.

On Monday Signor Scotti was to have made his second appearance as Rigoletto to the Gilda of Madame Melba, but owing to one of those indispositions which so frequently upset the calculations of the most careful opera managers, Verdi's earlier opera had to be postponed and *Aida* was repeated with by no means a strong cast. We have also had a repetition of *Carmen*, in which M. Salignac as Don José sang much better than as Don Ottavio, another performance of *Tannhäuser*, in which Madame Nordica was announced to sing the rôle of Venus, while on Thursday we were promised, for the first time since it was given at Drury Lane in 1887, that old-fashioned work *Norma*, and on Friday *Les Huguenots* for the début of the Parisian prima donna, Mlle. Bréval. On Monday week Madame Calvé will re-appear, and has now definitely chosen for her *revue* the rôle of Carmen, one of the best characters in her repertory. Signor Puccini is expected next week, and will superintend the final rehearsals of his opera *La Bohème*, which will be given on or about July 1, with Madame Melba in the part of Mimì. A little later on we are to have the opera *Messalina*, by M. Isidore de Lara, with M. Saleza, Mlle. Heglon, and M. Renaud in the principal parts. Five weeks hence the season will come to an end.

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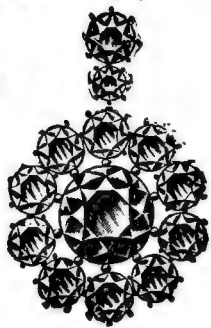
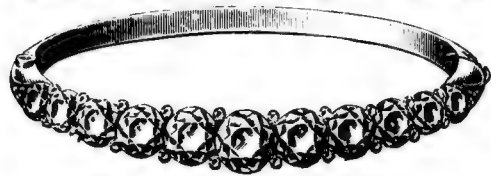
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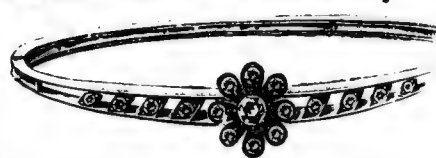
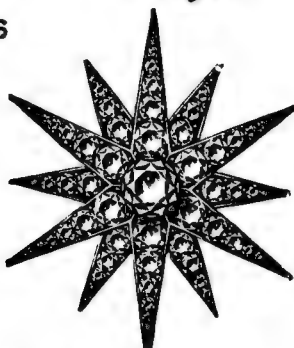
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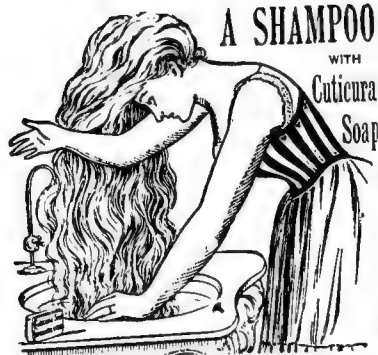
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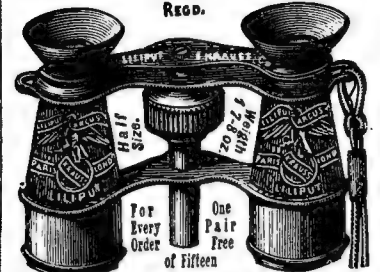
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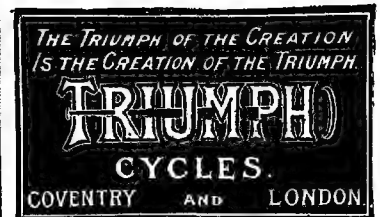
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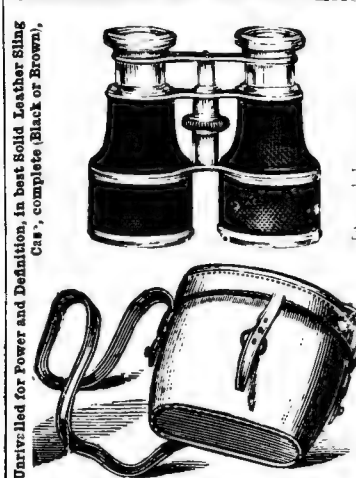


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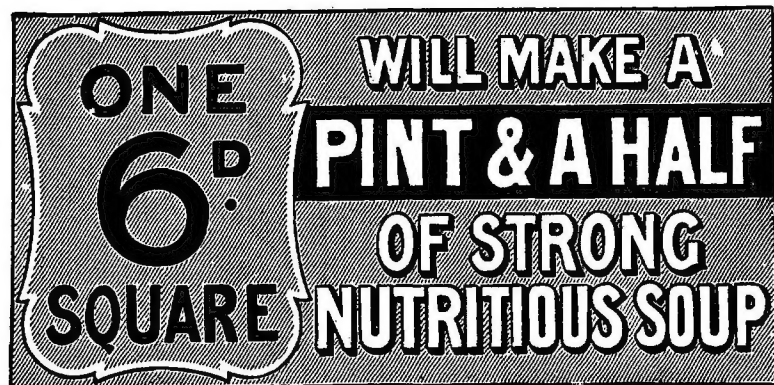
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